

[translation] Frozen Teardrop, Chapter 3, part 1



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Gundam Wing
Frozen Teardrop

Treize File 3



Heero Yuy had no intention of looking at me whatsoever, instead he got out of the frozen capsule and stood up [beside it]. Normally, it would take a whole day before you could stand up after being brought out of stasis. He had an unbelievably strong body. In the freezing air, he wiped the frost from his eyelashes and his breath came out in white puffs as he spoke.

“(Tell me) what’s the status of the situation…….”

“Before I do that, there’s something I need to confirm [with you],” said Master Chang as he stood before Heero. He slowly punctuated his words; it sounded like he was confirming (his) will. “You had once said-“

“……”

“I won’t kill anymore.”

“...I remember.”

“And that feeling has not changed, has it?”

Heero was quiet for a long time.

...Not kill anymore? I find it hard to believe that those words were spoken by a Gundam pilot. That’s my candid impression. If that’s the case, how can we carry out Operation Mythos? Honestly, I was starting to wonder if we ought to have [bothered] waking him. I think there’s simply no pace on the battlefield for a soldier who will not kill. Duo couldn’t stand the long silence and interrupted with an ‘Oy, oy!’

“Hey, Fat Max, this ain’t what we talked about.”

“Cut it out, Duo,” Father Maxwell reproved without losing his smile.

“Hey, Duo……” Heero said as he turned to face the two Duo Maxwells. However, he only addressed the priestly one. “Who’s that noisy waste of space?”

“What!”

Before the young Duo could explode with anger, the priest grabbed the boy by the braid and said, “He’s my son.” It looked to me like the priest’s smile was [now] embarrassed.

“Your son.... then there’s no help for it.”

“Ha ha ha, I guess not.”

The priest was laughing but he immediately seemed to pick up on a deeper meaning to Heero’s words.

“Hey, what’s that supposed to mean?”

You didn’t need hear it twice to realize he probably meant the “good for nothing” part was hereditary. It seemed like

the father and son pair weren't the only ones possessing caustic irony. Heero jerked his head in my direction and spoke.

"And she's a mini-Sally?"

"I beg your pardon!" I would not tolerate being referred to as 'mini.' IT seemed as though this boy Heero Yuy was planning on making every one present into an enemy. Just as I was about to [bive him a piece of my mind,] Master Chang [stopped my retort] and put a hand on my shoulder and gave me a look that read 'calm down.'

"..... Master."

"There's something you [still] have to do..... until you finish that, whatever he says isn't wrong."

That might be right. (And) when you thought of how he checked all the data in the files in the same amount of time I'd had [and had yet to finish] it was clear that Hero was far much more better than I. (To the extent that I wanted to express my dissatisfaction). I still hadn't read [all about] their pasts and only has a vague understanding of the history. As I wondered how Heero would answer Wufei's question 'Will you not kill anyone?' I put on the virtual visors. The past came flooding through my consciousness. The Hero Yuy there was still just six years old. As for me, I could tell you it was much (better) for my metal health to be where I was.

AC 186 SUMMER

At the L-1 colony cluster space port, Treize Khushreanada was grasping for strategies and tactic for the moon. The difference between a victory or defeat was most likely mobile power. It would be down to the ability of the commanders leading each corps to gain control of that mobility.

Gravity one sixth of that on Earth.

The overly thin atmosphere.

The vast and boundless lunar oceans.

If this was the battlefield, then a suit with even more mobility than the nearly perfect Leo III (Chimera) would be necessary. The new (type) mobile space fighter 'Greif' (Leo IV). The OZ Specials were astonished at the near perfection of the suit. Overlooking the production costs, they far exceeded the mass production (level), certainly it was not an exaggeration to say that it was a compilation of [all the previous] Leos' special specifications. When Seis Clark, the head engineer in charge of the (manufacture design/plans) saw the 'Greif' he flew into a burning rage.

"Isn't this just the Tall Geese?" What had been the point of lowering production costs he surely wondered. "No, I absolutely cannot let this fly." He was so resentful that he resigned as OZ's head engineer in charge of the mobile suit print production. [He didn't quit] because they where painted white, the characteristic color of the OZ Specials. In addition to having the Leo's heavy artillery and the Aries' high flight speeds, there were two beam sabers stores on the shoulders for use in close-quarters combat and. like the Aries, it was equipped with high output burners. Also, there was a canon equal to the Tragos' mid-range one set in the right shoulder and a disc shaped shield as standard equipment. By installing mid-range canons in both shoulders, the suits offence could be stronger; rifle, beam rifle, and more could be interchanged and it would be possible to stand out prominently on the front line. This [kind of] efficiency allowed the Greif to keep up in any kind of battle situation.

"If you were going to do all that, you'd have been better off just mass producing Tall Geeses from the start!" Seis Clark took pride in having successfully mass producing the Leo. Having the very foundation of that pride overthrow was the equivalent of negate his entire existence. If he was angry, it was for his jealousy.

However...

The Greif was, in Treize's mind, both a throwback to the Tall Geese and their chance to win this war. It was down to a question of pilots. The moon's surrounds were quite nearly a vacuum. Compared to fighting on earth, the senses were different. Treize taught [his cadets the importance of] the different kinds of 'intuition: sensing the subtle distances between oneself and the enemy; understand unique 'air' of the battlefield; having the strength of mind to heighten one's concentration even while under extreme stress. In order to obtain that, it was crucial to eradicate all hesitation in battle. That had been accomplished on Earth, but in space, the story was somewhat different. As a matter of course, depth perception, the sense of touch, and concentration all dropped. The difference in gravity and atmospheric density changed the senses into something wholly different. Whereas the enemy – the Anti-Alliance – by dint of having lived for an extended period of time on the moon surely had developed space senses. Of course the Greif was loaded with the latest enemy-searching equipment but the battlefield wasn't quite slack enough to mean that alone would be enough to fight [well in space]. The most pressing issue for the Specials was to rid themselves of their sense of Earth's gravity as soon as possible and acclimate to the change in gravity.

General Million's causing the Marius Plant to vanish was an enormous strategic gaffe, yet tactically, it was greatly helpful. He had eliminated the worry over the enemy's [ability to use the plant to create more mobile suits and thereby the] ability to increase their power. At that juncture, they had the leisure of choosing their options: attack or defend. (You could say) they received a grace period in which they could consider which option to pursue. For the young soldiers of the Specials, who had been pushing themselves on this expedition [to the moon], they recovered from two days worth of pains caused by space travel and could rest up @for the coming battle].

Treize set the date for their lunar landing to be three days away.

"For the next three days, [I want] every one of you to develop your space senses," Treize ordered.

"What will we do if the rebel army attacks the lunar base in the next three days?" asked cadet Izumi.

"Then [I suppose] you should be prepared to scramble." In typical Treize fashion, his views were a foreshadowing of the tides of war [to come].

"We land on the moon in three days, that has not changes....." Treize looked at the doubtful faces of his cadets and supplements, "Men, with the Marius Plant blown up, this war has already been lost..... and our goal is not to control the rebels, nor should you worry about rescuing the lunar base." No one had any questions. What, then, were they supposed to do? Why, then, were they going to fight? They had already learned the answer to those questions.

"Take action as you deem appropriate."

"For the future soldiers!"

This was their absolute consciousness.

Treize added, "I pray for your successful training (lit: discipline). Dismissed."

At this point, the full forces of the Cosmo Arma at the lunar base consisted of the following: 50 main force mobile suit, Chimera (Leo II); 5 Tragos (model II for lunar battle); 5 space fighters. Against this, the Anti-Alliance had the giant lunar battleship Sagittarius and to this, their fire power included no less than 80 new Chimera (Leo III). Even with Treize and the Specials joining in with 25 Greifs (Leo IV), empirically, the ratio (of military power) stood at 50 against 80. If the Anti-Alliance's Sagittarius [was counted as being] 50 mobile suits, the Cosmo Arma was at an overwhelming disadvantage of 50:30.

Suppose the Anti-Alliance army did attack the lunar base before Treize's arrival, they most surely would have won. Anyone would think it was an honor to be the one who conquered the moon. The soldiers in the resistance movement were particularly strong in promoting doing just that kind of thinking. The laborers, on the other hand, were skeptical and were weak-kneed.

That was a topic of much daily discussion, in the briefing room aboard the Sagittarius, which was anchored in the

Ocean of Storms, the debate continued between the soldiers and the laborers.

"We ought to negotiate for peace."

"We ought to nit the Silent Sea!"

"No objections!"

"There's no doubt we would win!"

Said the soldiers in strong tones.

"And then?" Commander Artemis, who normally did not partake in the discussion, asked. "After winning, what do you plan to do?"

"Obviously, we're going to..." For a moment, the soldiers couldn't finish the statement. Actually, nothing had been decided. "Our determination—we'll make the Alliance acknowledge space's independence!"

"With just a Sagittarius and some Chimera (lit: with marksmen and boys)?"

"That's plenty!" The young soldiers took to their feet. Now, they were just retorting.

"This is plenty of fighting power to drive the Alliance out of every colony."

"If you bluff," said Artemis with a deep sigh.

"Bluff?"

"You are familiar with poker? The card game?"

"We're not talking about cards! We're talking about war!"

"Yes, this is war, so....."

"Miss Artemis, please finish what you were saying. Tell us what we should do from here on out." The laborers wished from the bottom of their hearts that the front line commander would be their guide. Artemis, however, spread her hands wide as she shrugged and all she said was "Well....."

Someone from the resistance spoke up, "According to information from an ally, it looks like the OZ Specials have already arrived in the area of the L-1 colony....." The briefing room [exploded] in an uproar. They couldn't maintain their isolation on the moon. The Specials had arrived for reinforcements and that meant there was the distinct possibility the Alliance would send more reinforcements from Earth. They needed the first ticket out of there. If they couldn't decide, the Chimera ammunition, the soldiers' rations, even purifying the very air they were breathing would become endangered. The Sagittarius was brimming with people being controlled by their impatience.

Treize had expected that situation. That was why he would land on the moon in three days [and not immediately]. It was a mere two days until their arrival, yet the battleship Sagittarius did not move. That alone was a basis [for planning as Treize had], but it became more than sufficient proof. The enemy was not united. That was how Treize interpreted it. Even if he were somehow wrong in that interpretation, and the Anti-Alliance opened hostiles first, Treize had relayed that they would immediately surrender to the Cosmo Arma base at the Silent Sea. If the base was taken over by the Anti-Alliance, then Treize could use the Anti-Alliance people at the base as a way to make a starting point to being cooperation between the space colonies. There was also the possibility they could declare their independence from the Alliance. [As he thought about his second option] and the increased difficulties became readily apparent. The colonies close to the moon, L-1 and L-2, would first get armed then compete a protective/defensive line to the lunar base and the war of independence against the earth-based Alliance would unfold and there was no doubt that ultimately, they would be forced into a besieged war at the lunar base. It was a big gamble. It couldn't be said for sure if Treize had foreseen events to that extent, but he thought of almost the

same thing. If that weren't Treize's predictions, if there wasn't any meaning to controlling the lunar base, even an average commander could make that decision. In fact, Artemis objected to controlling the base and the laborers also, who had spent much time on the moon, had no proof that taking over the base would put freedom in their hands. If it was possible, the laborers should have been trying to get off the moon. And all the more so with the OZ Specials en route. They could only imagine what kind of abilities the new Grifs the Specials were piloting had, but as far as mobile suit development went, due to their similar experiences, the laborers knew better than most what tremendous innovations could occur in a matter of months.

There was a large lounge at the L-1 colony cluster spaceport; there was a restaurant where one could enjoy a light meal while gazing at the beauty of space from the windows. Loretia and Zechs were seated by the window and drinking coffee.

"Space is beautiful, isn't it Zechs....." Even from there, one could see the summer constellations.

"In that galaxy, there's the Milk Dipper, it's [part of the constellation] Sagittarius..... you can see it more clearly [here] than you can from Earth." It made the innocent girl's face glow.

"There's believed to be a black hole in the center of a star in Sagittarius..... Everything – even light- gets swallowed by the darkness..... but, there isn't really anything there, right?"

"....."

Zechs didn't know what Loretia was trying to say.

"In a world without light, there is nothing..... or [at least] I should say nothing can be seen."

Loretia didn't reply to that, she just sighed, elbows on the table and looking to the side [out the window]. "You can't see what's really important with your eyes," she kept looking out the window. Zechs took up his stone cold coffee and said, "Loretia..... you know a lot about the stars." So saying, he swallowed the last of his cold coffee. Putting down the cup, he turned to face her head on.

"Yes... I want to know all about the stars. Like you, Zechs, The Star Prince [Little Prince]. I want to know all about you, too," she said looking at his eyes.

"The Star Prince, hmm."

A masochistic smile played on Zechs' lips. On a very small planet, there lived a lonely prince and a single rose bloom. Zechs' knew of Antoine de Saint-Exupery's novel.

"Tell me about it."

"Really, *you* can't see what's really important with your eyes, Zechs Merquise."

"You're a strange one, Loretia Noin."

Many suppose it was around this time that Loretia Noin fell in love with Zechs Merquise. However, there were doubts as to whether she knew his real identity. It was also estimated that their deeply nuanced conversation was [due to] Loretia's unique intuition in action.

Away from those seats, at the bar, was another couple [talking] over a dry martini and a gin tonic. The man was Odin Lowe and the woman was Aoi Clark, mother of the six-year old boy code-named Heero Yuy.

"Head Engineer Seis is looking well."

"He's left OZ also, seems like he's going to be the Alliance's advising engineer..... seems like he wasn't very keen on the Greif's development."

“So that’s why he’s doing surveillance on the mission?”

“Well, that’s.....”

“You only ever looked like an average mom and son.”

Now, she was Seis’ wife, but in reality, that was not certain. That was because she was a secret agent working for OZ.

“I remember colony hopping with you those were the days.”

“Isn’t it about time for you to retire?”

“And the kid is already six, to.”

“He’s looking well, that’s what’s important.”

“You feel a little responsible, don’t you.”

“I was against it,” Odin finished his gin tonic.

“I wanted to have your child that is,” muttered Aoi as she shook her glass and make the olive roll around.

“But if you’re always doing OZ, what about the boy?”

“I know, but it’s hard.....” she sighed deeply. “Anyway, you were the one to leak Alliance information to Artemis, right?”

“Wasn’t it your husband who was ignoring the laborers?”

“That was Tsubarov..... he [Seis?] was off that project nearly from the start.”

“Oh, really.”

Tsubarov who would later go on to develop a most abominable pilot-less weapon, was licking the wound of demotion and fell victim to a deep mistrust of his fellow man. Since the demotion, he had probably spent the ensuing ten years using the feelings of jealousy and revenge he harbored to design the mobile dolls. It could even be described as a terrible obsession. The bartender stood before them and asked if they wanted another drink.

“Another one of these,” Aoi ordered before turning back to Odin. “Why did you become a free agent?” Or haven’t you gotten over *that* yet?”

“Don’t.”

“That’s it, isn’t it.”

“That happened more than a decade ago.”

“Breaking up with me, it was because of that.”

“.....”

“But it wasn’t an OZ order, it was Septum from the Cosmo Arma—“

“Same difference,” Odin said, cutting her off. “I was a big fucking idiot and it was still me that changed the course of history for the worse.” Their fresh gin and tonic and martini arrived then.

“Enjoy,” said the bartender before he retreated to the rear of the bar.

“The client this time is someone from the colonies, right?”

“Butt out, that’s business between me and them.”

“Isn’t that a little strange?” Aoi slammed down her entire martini. “The Marius Plant revolt and sending Artemis, the timing is too good.” Aoi was drunk. But the drink served to sharpen her [already] keen senses. “Of course, the whole point was to destroy Marius Hills Hall.” The revelation made her martini-eyes eyes flash. “Everybody knew Million would use that canon.”

“The colony technicians have succeeded in smelting that new alloy,” Odin uttered as he looked at the foam dissipating in his gin tonic. “I couldn’t let that fall into OZ or the Alliance’s hands.”

Aoi smiled, fascinated. “You aren’t saying that they are planning to make a gundanium mobile suit, are you?”

Their conversation didn’t progress past that point. Aoi had spoken half joking but [in truth] the colony scientists really were attempting to construct a mobile suit—a Gundam—from the gundanium alloy. And it was ironic that it would be their son who would pilot one of them.

These three days

The Anti0Alliance soldiers had devoted themselves to maneuver drills. They had the Specials beat when it came to experience in lunar battle as well as with their formidable numbers: eighty Chimera and the Sagittarius. These, in Commander Artemis’ head thought up her battle formation for certain victory. Experience on the battle field was valuable, but it was not strictly necessary. The enemy was not (limited to) attacking with identical battle tactics. The enemy was not expected to fight with the same weapons. The Anti Alliance soldiers, however, assumed an air of superiority that bordered on blind faith.

“Whatever they attack us with, it will be their pilots’ first time [in those suits] and they won’t be familiar with the battlefield! By comparison, we’re all experienced Chimera pilots! There’s no doubt we have the advantage!”

It seemed both the soldiers and the laborers shared this opinion. In the previous battle, they had gone from 100 down to 80 Chimera but in making the battle formation, a change from an eight-point to a six-point star was of negligible difference. Though they had unwavering faith in their twenty search and destroy Chimera piloted by ace pilots, the six commanders at the head of six units that contained ten mobile suits a piece were a little uneasy. Artemis believed that as long as they couldn’t wipe out that small measure of worry, it wouldn’t be possible to win. As their opponent was Treize Khushreanada leading the Specials, there was no mistaking that leadership was the most important point [for the Anti Alliance to consider]. Also, she assumed Treize would open hostilities with a surprise attack that played up the characteristic of the highly mobile Greif and that would lead to a breakdown in the command system whereby they would [have to] move according to their own judgment which would then destroy their star formation. The danger of complete decimation grew higher. The Anti-Alliance, however, was a medley of soldiers and laborers and so their (consciousness) and purpose were dissimilar. It would be almost impossible to lead [them]. Artemis chose sic of the twenty search and destroy ace pilots and entrusted them with the command of six units. They, the search and destroy team, were primarily good at taking solitary action: so to lead a corps of nine others was no small burden they were expected to bear. Nonetheless, Artemis was adamant in her volition [to have them lead the corps]. At the very least, if they failed to gain a victory in the lunar battle, it was self evident that any further strategies wouldn’t [stand a chance].

Three days later, the OZ Specials arrived at the Silent Sea Cosmos Arma base where they joined with the Alliance but did not make any immediate moves.

There was no surprise attack. Artemis was relieved. If Treize was considering doing as General Million had and approaching the lunar battle as a full scale war, then she could counter with the same formation as before. To fight

on the moon, being comfortable with the one-sixth gravity was a prerequisite. Thinking (backward) from that, it was quite understandable to choose full on war over a surprise attack. In that case, the six selected ace pilots would return to their original search and destroy corps and they could take on the enemy with the protective double star formation. Artemis believed that selection was the most strategic means.

She was rather conscious of Treize. Simply put, she was *too* conscious of him. That made her feel close to [being in a] command position from which victory could be gained merely at the effective employment of soldiers who were practically laymen. At some point, it evolved into a rivalry. However, that was not truly the case. As she had done with General Million Artemis studied her opponent's character and defensive tendencies before the battle as per usual.

Familiarity with one's enemy saves you one hundred battles.

That was a saying she kept close to her heart. Meanwhile Treize showed no interest in the opposing commander and likely didn't even know Artemis' name. And the difference between these two worthy of mention was [their confidence in the face of this query]: Do I trust my troops? Artemis was dead set in thinking of soldiers as pieces on a chess board or shogi board where as Treize respected each soldier as a person and had come to believe in entrusting everything to their volition to fight. At the time, Van Khushrenada was paying a visit to the medical facilities in the L-1 colony cluster. The official reason was to make a plan of action concerning the continuing spread of a new virus on the L-2 colony which was situated between L-1 and the moon. With the death rate over 40% and the infection rate similarly high, it was a very dangerous virus. Civilians called it the "colony cold." If a vaccine wasn't made and distributed immediately, it would become a crisis. Brilliant medical staff from the former Cinq kingdom had defected to the health care facilities on the L-1 colony.

"Now, we can only depend upon them." Van promised to provide funds and implored them to put a priority upon [making] the life-saving vaccine.

One doctor commented, "On the one hand, you Romefeller people are turning a profit on making murder weapons and on the other, you used that money to save lives." That certainly was a contradiction.

"[Spare me the irony.] We want to help the people in space. Please help." The medical staff accepted from a humanitarian point of view. They completed the vaccine and immediately distributed it to the L-2 colony cluster.

Incidentally, around this time a six-year old Duo Maxwell appeared on V08744 in the L-2 colony cluster and met a boy named Solo. Solo had contracted this new virus and Duo had stolen the vaccination from a medical facility. He gave it to Solo, but apparently he had been too late and Solo died not long after. Duo should have also been exposed to the virus, but he did not fall ill. After Solo's death, Duo assumed the name 'Duo' with the intent that he and Solo would always be remembered.

Van went to visit Angelina. This was the primary reason he had gone into space. He had wanted to see his beloved other's face.

"You're looking well."

"Thanks to Cinq....." Angelina was now thirty four years old. Her (former) beauty had not faded but her voice was withered and it was as weak as it was sad to hear. "The air here seems to agree with me." Further, with the lengthy hospitalization had robbed her legs of their strength and her ability to walk on her own or even to stand up.

"Is that right?"

"Lately, you haven't been dropping in on your way home from school."

"Pardon?"

If you weren't paying close attention, everything seemed normal; however, it seemed that Angelina was convinced

that she was still at the Cinq National hospital.

“Excuse me.....”

“The stars are so pretty.....” Her eyes were vacant. Directly across from the window as another wing of the hospital and space stretched out beyond the transparent roof (there).

“But night is so long.....” Van wiped the corners of his eyes covertly so as not to draw Angelina’s attention. Van couldn’t help but shed a few tears at seeing his beloved mother like that.

“How is Treize?”

“Yes, now he is heading to the moon.”

“Is that so.....”

Van thought of his brother. Treize would never cry at times like these. He had a strong will and determination.

“He’s the hero who will unite Earth and space.”

“That’s right.”

“And that time will be as (elegant) as an (ice floe).”

“Ha ha ha, no need to state the obvious.”

Two days had passed since Treize had joined the Cosmo Arma; they made their first sortie from the Silent Sea base. The Specials soldiers had not yet gotten accustomed to the moon’s gravity. Nevertheless, Treize ordered them to attack.

“We’ve acquired more than sufficient senses..... believe in our victory.”

“Yes, sir!”

The soldiers believe in their victory, or rather, they believed in Treize. They advanced calmly. For certain they weren’t in anything remotely resembling a formation. Treize’s why Greif stood at the head and the remaining troops followed behind. Being the flagship, Treize’s Greif had a blue crest affixed to its head. There after, white and blue would become his (symbolic) colors—they were somehow reminiscent of the color of ice floes. The next line of suits was the five Tragos II which were followed by three Chimera each. Behind the Chimera were five companies of five Greifs each all marching in file. They advanced exactly as an infantry of tanks from last century would and as slowly as if they possessed only as much mobility.

When she saw that sight, Artemis’ first impression was Could our opponent be frightened of us? The real question was whether or not to destroy all forty five machines instantly using the Sagittarius’ giant beam canon. The one difficulty lie in the distance. [A shot from] the beam canon would travel in a straight line. [If the target was too far away] it would be difficult to hit even on level ground and near impossible on the moon with the acute [curvature (lit: slope)] of the ground. Unlike battle on Earth, [the moon] should be thought of as spherical rather than level. [The moon had] the surface area [equivalent to that of] Africa and Australia combined. Its diameter was one quarter that of Earth’s. That was how small the moon was.

“Aha.....” said Artemis as she understood Treize’s intent. She predicted his plan (of attack) was to use a slow advance to make her fire the canon then attack while she waited the lengthy requisite amount of time needed for the canon to recharge. “But I’m not going to bite.”

Treize made the forward-most line of Tragos halt. They were still in a position from which they could not see their opponents.

“Well, it’s almost time to open hostilities,” he said comfortably. He had an elegant nuance that seemed on par with a man about to enjoy a cup of afternoon tea. Characteristically, at that time, not a single soldier among the Specials

was nervous. Zechs spoke to the four men under his command about the Greif's high performance. Lucretia admired the beauty of Earth as seen from the moon. Izumi expounded upon the brilliance of the attack plan Treize had drafted. Solac cheerily told [everyone] how to survive the battlefield. Elv was in a unit of four suits [note: he only got four suits to command because Treize's at the head] and under direct control of Treize. Elv ordered his three subordinates to consider it their job to protect Treize at all costs. Everyone was calm. They had already been defeated. With all the soldiers [operating under that assumption], they were freed from nerves and understood precisely what they ought to do. They showed not even the lead indication of hesitancy even as they stood before the heavy fire power of the enemy's Chimeras and a Sagittarius.

Both camps stood unmoving, facing each other over the long distance. Both sides' formations were complete but neither showed any inclination to move.

Suddenly, five space fighters came flying in. The last of the Cosmo Arma's forces were putting in an appearance, too. However, those fighters cut low across the area stretching between the two camps and flew off without making any attack. It all occurred in a moment. The Anti Alliance Chimeras just stood at the ready and neatiehr intercepted for fired [at the enemy]. It was exactly as if their flight had drawn a centerline down a sports field.

From the bridge of the Sagittarius, Artemis couldn't understand the fighters' incomprehensible crossing.

"What was that for?"

"Was that supposed to denote the opening of the battle?" an aide muttered that unlikelihood.

"It couldn't be that."

But Treize then ordered the Tragos to attack as if he had been waiting [for the fighters]. From that distance, they couldn't possibly reach the enemy Chimera.

"Finally!" Artemis gave an easy smile. Before, during the capture of Mogadishu, Treize's battle plan was to first send Aries suits to start the confusion, then let the Tragos attack from mid-distance support. Now, there was nothing in the way of military gains but his actions seemed far too similar.

"Even if it's not effective, [his] actions have a touch of jinx and that has the benefit of elevating [their] fighting spirit." Considering Treize's noble birth, [his actions] could easily be taken as a chivalrous courtesy prior to the start of battle. The act of the fighters drawing a centerline could also be interpreted as [being like] the rules for a sport or duel. The Tragos second round of fire also failed completely to reach [their targets].

"Generic [?!] pointless firing," the aide sneered. "Shall we return fire?"

"Yes....." Treize should have already been aware of Artemis' formation. "They know what we're doing." If they fired, [Treize] could read their moves. "That's interesting," she smiled with fascination. In chess, the pawns were the first to move. He was aiming to make a gamti (this is a standard move in chess. It's a ove where in sacrificing a pawn, a profitable opening is gained.)

"Forward Chimera units 01, 02, 03 move forward! Flyin squadrons Alpha and Bravo, fall in behind the third unit!"

The front half of the formation, forty chimera, moved out. The front line of five Tragos they were facing retreated as one.

"#Enemy front line retreating!" Announced an operator.

"Ha! They're afraid of us!" As the aide's laugh filled her ears, Artemis could not conceal a touch of unease.

Something's off.

With that thought, the Sagittarius and remaining troops moved out in the usual way and their formation returned to its original shape.

"What about firing the beam canon?"

"We're not at 20% destruction rate." The enemy continued to retreat further and further. Artemis thought it was suspicious that the man known as Treize Khushrenada would be this passive in battle,

"[Beam] projected effectiveness has dropped to 15%." The Anti Alliance's vanguard of Chimera until 01 and the following Alpha and Bravo units continued to advance. The Sagittarius (desperately) worked to get into the lead.

"Enemy movement?"

"The five Tragos are still retreating."

Artemis [let out a surprised puff of air,] "Did you say five Tragos?" They had overlooked something very big. "Where did Treize's white suit go?"

"..... we cannot confirm," the aide said with a faint smile. "[He is nobility afterall] wouldn't he have fled to the rear, behind all the troops."

"I don't speak 'stupid'." Treize was not that much of a coward. "It's a trap!"

Thirty of the advancing Chimera had already reached the centerline. "All troops halt! All troops halt!" The explosion occurred just as the command was given. Artemis couldn't immediately understand what happened. The explosives had occurred when the Chimera had stepped on landmines.

"Land mines?"

"When in the world did they...?" STARTED USING PINK/ORANGE HERE Under the circumstances, anyone would be restless.

It was then. Artemis realized. When the five fighters had cut between both camps, anti-MS land mines had been set. They were spray style or maybe space mines ((magnetically or sonically activated, [and both] of them were suitable for use on the moon)). Thick billows of smoke impeded their vision.

We [literally] walked right into this. Artemis bit her lip in vexation. However--

"All units, return to the Sagittarius! Spread out 30 degrees to the right! Their main fire power ought to come from the side."

Nevertheless, reading the only way next to calmness was only to be expected. As long as there was a mine field between them, the enemy could not attack them from the front. However, with the growing smoke screen, the danger increased. The wind-less moon ensured it would not quickly be blown away.

"Get the beam canon ready to fire on my order!"

If er chance the Greifs flew past the mine field and came in from the front, then she could use the beam canon to annihilate them in one fell swoop. "Flying squadron, maintain the inner formation!" And then she carefully gave orders to the bridge operator on the Sagittarius in no uncertain terms: "Take plenty of precaution with the enemy's movements! As soon as you notice a change on the radar or heat detectors, notify me immediately!" Artemis had until then been standing as she directed the troops when she heard this: "Damage report."

"20 Chimera unable to fight." There was no time to regroup. The six-point star using sixty Chimeras could only turn into a five-point star with fifty Chimeras. Despite the loss, they still had twice the firepower the enemy had.

"The problem is will they come from the right or from the left?" [That was] the direction from which their main fire power the Greifs would come attacking. In that situation, it was difficult to predict if the twenty five suits would divide

into two arms. If the enemy attacked from both sides with some ten-odd suits [to each arm], each of them would be attacked.

"Left," she first predicted. As their previous battle had proven, the left side was easier to attack depending on the formation. "It might be the right." She didn't want to be outwitted. That was Artemis' sense. As a front line commander, it was difficult to decide on one of the choices presented. This was exactly one of those times. "Several heat readings in the front!" It seemed unthinkable. "Fire the beam canon!" Artemis ordered reflexively. The Sagittarius fired the huge beam canon. However, [the target turned out to be] shells the five Tragos had fired. They had aimed at far off heaps of scrap and played their trump card far too early. The tiny hesitation led to a huge mistake. While she was vacillating between left and right there had been a change from the front-- a direction from which she assumed nothing would happen-- and reacted with her gut instinct.

I failed.

Artemis who had both depth of preparation and astuteness, deemed herself a failure. This could not be called incompetence; however, a mistake is a mistake.

What's done is done.

She thought but took immediate action. This served as proof that she was no mediocre commander.

"Widen the perimeter of the heat detectors!" It was clear as day that the enemy would attack now that they had fired their canon. The problem was where would they come from. The right? The left? If the enemy mobile suits were standing on the ground, it would be difficult to detect them with radar. There was interference from the jagged craters. (However,) they would use the heat field detectors. Temperatures at the lunar surface exceeded 100 degrees celsius but were fairly uniform. Unlike the Earth, mobile suits were identified by the points of low temperature emitted from the cooled cockpits and places where there were several clusters of points of high fusion thermal energy. Artemis shuddered when she confirmed those [2] responses on the central monitor.

"How stupid..."

The enemy's reading showed just twenty machines at the opposing front line. There were probably five Tragos and fifteen Chimera. The smoke started clearing and the field of vision widened.

"Where are the Greifs?"

Thinking of all the mobility the Greif had and she could predict they would make a big detour. Yet however superior the Greif's mobility might be, it was inconceivable that they should leave the moon let alone the Sea of Storms.

"Above?!"

Overhead, the Greif would be outside the range of the [Artemis'] enemy detection [devices]. They could be air-born in space at speeds of greater than 2.4 Km/second. That was the maximum speed that could be attained on the moon. If they continued at that speed, they would be pulled into Earth's gravitational field. For all that the Greif was the newest, best mobile suit, once it was space-born, it was difficult to believe it possessed the (surprising) propulsion to return again to solid ground.

"The craters' shadows....."

That was conceivable. There was an infinite number of craters on the moon. That 外縁部 could be called a wall tens of meters high and there was no reason it couldn't also be at the Sea of Storms. However, it was not possible to check each and every one for enemies. What's more, the battle would be over by the time the Sagittarius' huge canon recharged. It was time for Treize to come attack. This was the time that Treize and twenty five Greifs would come attacking-- it felt like an endless instant. Artemis' sixth sense kicked in.

"They're coming!" And her intuition did not miss the mark. Even so, she didn't simply give orders. "But where are they coming from?"

"[Enemy suits] have been detected, they are approaching at high speed from the rear."

"Behind us?!" She turned around without conscious thought. [Treize's move] had far and away exceeded Artemis' prediction. The Specials' Greif troops, as lead by Treize, had made a circuit of the moon, starting at their front lines and going all the way around to attack from right behind them. The concept of the battlefield had until [that moment] always been thought of [exclusively] in two dimensions. Air force strategies or submarine strategies thought in three dimensions, but the moon was a globe and it's area was fine and in the history of war tactics and strategies there had been not one example of the moon being treated as a three dimensional battlefield (lit: object).

"No....." Artemis was struck dumb by that daring [move]. However, she wasn't just any commander. Even as she was hit by her unpreparedness, she didn't stop moving.

"All troops, assemble with the zero-six unit," and at the same time, "Turn the canon 180 degrees!" Order after order came. The energy charge [for the canon] however was not done. "Timing this will decide (lit: separate) the fight....." A bad feeling ran through the back of Artemis' mind.

We might lose this one.

"All units, attack! Target: enemy Sagittarius!"

Treize issued the command. Twenty five Greifs concentrated their fire on the 06 Chimera unit that stood with their backs to them. The limit of firepower at that battlefield was at a ratio of 25:10. In an instant, the 06 unit received an annihilating blow.

"Main battery, change angle to 120 degrees."

"Unit 06 is taking a beating!"

"130 seconds until the canon is recharged."

Artemis took in the operators' reports one after the other and in her heart lamented.

More than two minutes to go.....

She wanted time.

"Get the Sagittarius away from the front! Prepare to fire the canon as soon as it is fully charged!"

"Firing while moving will cost us accuracy!"

"Forget about accuracy! Just fire it!" Under these (dumpling) conditions, that beam would hit the enemy regardless of its aim and cause massive damage. Then they would break through to return to the front, turn, and recoup their losses in the counter attack; that was the only counter attack she could think of.

"Just hold on [a little longer], boys." On Artemis' orders, twenty Chimera of the 04 and 05 units covering the Sagittarius back only stood at a ratio of 20:25 against the Specials' firepower. However, the Greifs were spewing fire with their midrange guns and before the units arrived, they sustained damage. Seconds later, the flying squadrons with the ace pilots-- [units] Charlie and Delta-- arrived. The twenty five Greifs were relatively unharmed but the ace pilots in the Chimeras were not easy to shoot down. The valiant Chimeras forced the Greifs to retreat little by little. However, Zeche's unit and Solak's unit took the lead (and supported them from there). Both units' Greifs were equipped with beam sabers for use in close-quarters combat. Characteristically, the Greif could respond in close-

quarter or mobile battle but it lacked the (decision power to knock out the enemy). Against the Chimera which, despite its characteristic armor ideal for protection and the destructive power of its arms, had poor aim and was ill suited for battle at close range. Zechs decided the fight was here. He threw away his rifle which had run out of ammo, grabbed hold of the saber with both hands and holding it above his head, began to attack.

"Don't worry about your back! Just keep moving forward and attack!"

"Yes, sir!" Solak was excited by what he saw, "Hey, Zechs! Wait for us!"

"Come on!"

Hearing his men's (reliable) answer, he [Solak, who you will recall is one of the cadets leading a unit of MS] also threw aside his midrange gun ((never mind he still had ammunition left)) and took up both of his sabers to join in the battle. Considering the abilities of the Greif and Chimera, it would have been enormously effective to fight one-on-one. In that war of attrition, however, not one person on the field considered it. The situation was tense. Both sides were putting out everything they had.

"Go! Keep pushing them!"

"Don't retreat! This is the line between life and death!"

The effect of close-quarters battle with Zechs' unit was that the Charlie and Delta units were retreating. Here, a path opened up that lead straight to the Sagittarius.

"Come!"

It was Treize's suit that came flying in.

"Professor Treize!" Elv's unit of four (desperately came in) to fortify [their teacher's] flanks. Elv's suit became as a shield for Treize and served to protect him from fire from the Sagittarius. The other three followed suit and, likewise, served as defense [for Treize].

"Be on guard! We will protect Professor Treize!"

Elv's unit's earnestness was probably also loyalty to the man himself. Essentially, however, the Specials did not act with such emotion.

Move as you see fit!
For the future soldiers!

Elv's unit understood what they had to do. What Treize was going to do; that their protection and support were integral in this mission.

"We the Specials shall endure!"

"Main canon (has been) charged!" The operator yelled. "(We ill) fire the canon!"

"If you could just hang on for ten more seconds," muttered Artemis.

In the face of the giant oncoming beam, Treize's Greif leveled its gun in a flash and opened fire without hesitation. It was an excellent shot; a direct hit on the giant beam canon.

"This is Treize Khushrenada. I am confirming the destruction of the enemy's main firepower." He heard the soldiers' cheers. In a cool voice, Treize said, "My good students have done me a kindness."

With that single hit, the Sagittarius was silenced. The explosion of the beam canon [caused] the stored energy to connect with the main engine and shut it down. It would take [well over ten] minutes for the Sagittarius to get back online and retreat using [back up generator] power. The blackout from the power outage caused a panic on the bridge. Yet Artemis had a smile playing about her lips.

"Hmm, looks like we got a little carried away....." That embarrassed smile was true to her old self.

Treize's suit and Elv's unit backed away from the Sagittarius immediately. They had taken too much enemy fire and had to cool off their armor. As soon as they had vacated the spot, Lucretia and Izumi's units went up to the Sagittarius and took out one (main battery) after another.

"We are protecting Earth's light."

"Lucretia, this fight-- we won, right?"

"Yes, but we must not be careless, Izumi." In no time, the battle turned into a melee where one could not tell friend from foe. Into the battlefield, with all its confusion, rushed the Alpha and Bravo flying squadrons. Following them were the 02 and 03 Chimera units. And that brought together the entire forces from both camps. The (confused battle) was even further purred on.

As the Alpha and Bravo units made to attack Treize and Elv's unit, they were confronted by Zechs's and Solak's units. When units 02 and 03 attacked Lucretia's and Izumi's units, Treize and Elv's units came to their aid, firing even as they maintained their distance [presumably to continue to allow their suits to cool off]. As the remains of units 04 and 05 went round to help, Zechs's and Solak's units spearheaded them with bullet fire. It was at that stage of the game that both Zechs and Solak alone skillfully wielded their beam sabers against the Alpha and Bravo units and overwhelmed them with difficult close-quarters combat. Supplement defense strategies and the attack spreading out like waves. The Specials managed both at the same time. Or more precisely, they changed offense and defense (at the same time). That was just how fast they could deal with [battle]. Under those circumstances, despite the number of fighters being roughly the same, the Specials in their Greifs operated like a well-oiled machine and were [all the more] superior for it. The Anti Alliance Chimera units, from an organizational point of view, had the two abilities of the flying squadron skilled at trench warfare and the mobile units specializing in mid-range [operations], but those advantages were all locked up and in a state of being able to move nary a hand. They could neither take the winning hit nor give it. (Before they realized it) fatigue and (sighs of defeat) were making the Chimera units' movements sluggish. Elsewhere, the Sagittarius connected to a reserve power source; the (submotor) started and once again managed to start its retreat.

There came a moment when her [probably Artemis, but not 100% sure] concentration was broken. To promptly rush in attacking was battlefield theory. Naturally, it had been Treize's side that had done just that. The silent pressure of the twenty five Greifs made the remaining thirty Chimeras retreat.

The point when the ever retreating Sagittarius reached the field of land mines was when the Anti Alliance was decidedly defeated. With a big explosion, the land mines blew up and an (approach?) was made. Before them were the Cosmo Arma's five Tragos and fifteen Chimera standing at attention and behind them were the twenty five Greifs; they were sandwiched between the enemy.

"Well done..... a complete defeat." And with self-deprecations, she accepted Treize Khushrenada's advice to surrender.

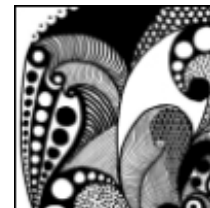
The war was over.

[End of part 1]

[translation] Frozen Teardrop, Chapter 3, part 2



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For the Anti-Alliance there could be no comparison to their previous battle: why did they lose by such a big difference? The first [reason] was thought to be Commander Artemis' consciousness. In her overestimation of Treize, her cause for anxiety increased and one thing led to another before the battle and she changed the position of the leaders leading the units. Then, just before they started, she changed it back. That kind of experimentation weakened the soldiers' motivation and led to [a kind of] numbness to the functionality of the final formation. Moreover, the beam cannon that was supposed to provide them with the winning blow was [wasted] in the first stages of the fight. Repeating General Million Little-hart's folly caused mental factors. Secondly, [her loss might be put down to] the difference in ability between the Chimera and Greif. The New Chimera ((Leo IV)) had more than sufficient speed and attack power for lunar battle. In comparing the space battle Leo II ((Chimera))'s abilities, there was no doubt [the new Chimera was better]. However, the pilots had relied too much upon the better quality of their suits. As a result, the Anti Alliance had something like blind faith in the ethos that he who had the most experience would [always] be the victor. In their overconfidence, they afforded Treize an opportunity to take advantage [of them?]. At midrange, the Greif's ammo there was an unusually high hit rate for ones that lacked decisive power. Whereas the Chimera had not fully demonstrated its mobility or destructive power, the Greifs may as well have been considered unharmed [by enemy fire] nor did they fall into a state of weakened fighting ability. Third, Treize's plan to circuit the moon was clever (without attaching over importance to his idea). The factors mentioned above alone are thought to be why Treize won. However, for the new OZ Specials' soldiers, that plan was unmistakably fodder for their excessive peace of mind. It was only natural that the soldiers held Treize in special regard as the commander who led them to victory. It is no exaggeration to say that the young Treize Khushrenada's charismatic existence in OZ was decided after this (most recent) battle.

Treize left the post war clean up to the Cosmo Arma and made a triumphant return to the L-1 colony cluster spaceport. Van was the one to go and greet him. The second reason he had gone to space was to be the very first to see his esteemed brother.

"That was a perfect victory."

"We didn't win, Van Khushrenada," Treize said quietly with the face of a military man.

"Ah, yes....."

With the destruction of the Marius Plant, Van himself had called the war a loss. This battle had been to the very last one for the sake of the future soldiers-- nothing more and nothing less.

"Be that as it may, I'm happy that you returned unharmed."

"What is unharmed?... (lit: There is no reason I am unharmed)." I regret that (brilliant) lives were lost."

"I had heard that there were no casualties among our OZ soldiers....."

[Treize] thought of General Million Little-hart. But he had been released from being a prisoner of war and had completely lost his nerve (lit: confidence) and would spend the rest of his life as an ex-serviceman. Treize pressed his eyelids and said, "Among the enemies I meant."

"But that's....."

"I've dirtied my students' hand with blood..... think how they must feel."

He had done something inexcusable; he continued speaking such deeply sorrowful words.

When Treize was alone with Van, he returned to his usual self.

"Did you visit Mother?"

"Yes... I think I'll go again today."

"Well, let's go together."

"Treize, Mother is....." He wanted to tell him that she had taken a turn for the worse.

Treize, however, asked, "How is Hundert?"

"Why would I go to see him? That asshole could do us all a favor by hurrying up and dying already."

"But he's your father. If you don't see him while you can, you'll regret it later."

Van realized that Treize had never met his real father, Ein Yu, and so he ended his verbal abuse [of Hundert].

"Let's pay him a visit, too."

"If you insist."

In the medical section, Hundert greeted his two callers with a smile, "I've heard a lot about you boys! I'm so proud! There could no higher honor for the house of Khushrenada, Duke Demail has been exceedingly pleased!" Hundert was hale and happy. It was unbecoming of one in a hospital. That was all Van could discern.

"It's a great honor for Treize to have you speak so [highly of him]," said Van with apparent earnest. "We are merely doing what needs to be done for the Earth. It has no bearing on the Khushrenada family or the Romefeller Foundation."

"Of course, that was also what I was congratulating you on."

"Well, we must be going."

"Why don't you stay and talk for a while? We haven't seen each other in ages."

"No, we have work to do."

The pair of [brothers] made a hasty departure.

On the way to Angelina's room, Treize spoke to Van.

"Don't over do it, Van."

"I'm not."

"You don't have to take care of me."

"I'm doing no such thing," Van was in an unusually bad mood.

That man is just fine and dandy but Mother is in so much worse shape. Thought Van but he did not voice it. He changed the subject. "Treize, I've received intelligence that colonial scientists have developed a mobile suit made of gundanium."

"Oh."

"They intend to resist to the bitter end."

"There's nothing we can do to stop them. There's no mistake that we Earth people have hunted them down."

"We've sent an agent to investigate, but if we could just get the blueprints that would be insurmountable proof we could use to denounce them."

"More importantly, we'd best hurry up on the working condition reformation for lunar factories."

"I'm already working on that. There are living quarters especially for the laborers on L-1 and L-1 and we have arranged two shuttles a day to transport them to the factory..... of course we've introduced [shifts scheduled only every other day]."

"You've done well."

"That will make the maintenance costs of the lunar factor more expensive. We'll have to squeeze out more military funds from each country."

"Van Khushrenada, for what do you suppose the Alliance is maintaining an army?"

"I just told you: they're making gundanium mobile suits."

"....." Treize made no reply. Why did Van move this arms race forward with such powerful intent? He [Van] seemed to understand his brother's silence.

"Treize, we must be strong. We must be strong and continue to win." If they did not, a tragedy like that of Heero Yuy and the Cinq kingdom would befall them. Sad existences like that of their poor mother must never again come to pass. Space and Earth must be united. For that to happen, military power was necessary. There was no other means of obtaining everlasting peace. Van's psychology consistently involved such contradictions. That was for the Romefeller Foundation and, perhaps, for his mother who seemed to speak for the colonies (lit: space) volition. By developing new weapons and [gaining control] of significant financial means, he could assist the counter measures being taken against the growing viral epidemic in the colonies gratis. He would help the laborers with their weak position [get better treatment] but he also made the cunning governments [provide a better] military budget.

When they arrived at Angelina's room, Van shouted:

"What are you doing?!"

It was an extremely ordinary scene for a hospital. Angelina sat nude from the waist up; a young male nurse was merely sponge bathing her chest. Thirteen-year-old Van, however, would not stand for it.

"Wait!" Treize made to stop [his brother, but Van had closed his hand into a fist and punched the man.

"Wh- What?!"

"I should be asking you that, what are you doing to my mother?!"

"Calm down, Van!" Treize also spoke in anger. "I'm sorry. I'll explain things to my brother (later)," and he bowed deeply to the young nurse. "There is no excuse for his behavior." He apologized courteously and from his heart. After the nurse left, Van vented his anger.

"There was no reason for you to apologize [lit: lower your head]. That creep was leering as he [rubbed his hands all over our mother] (lit: touched our mother)." The leer was probably more just a smile meant to make the patient relax.

"Even if that was the case, there was no need to resort to fisticuffs."

"But!" Big tears dripped onto the floor. This was the first and last time Van, who normally was courteous and did not reveal emotions showed such extreme anger. "Looking at Mother with such lasciviousness..." his voice shook so much, he couldn't say anything more. He was extremely vexed. How much could a son love his mother? As far as Van was concerned, there is no question that he abhorred even her husband Hundert having feelings of a sexual nature for his beautiful mother Angelina.

"That man is very kind," Angelina said with her eyes vacant.

"Mother....." Van looked up with tears still in his eyes. As she fixed her gown (lit: boobs!), she spoke resolutely, "Welcome, Treize." Her voice, so unlike it had been, was cool and clear.

"Yes, mother."

"Take control of the Earth and of space. You were born (with the lineage) to do so."

"....." Treize didn't say anything nor did he intend to. There was no mistaking Van's happiness at their mother's apparent return to her old self.

"Of course, mother! (Big brother) Treize is just the hero to put an end to war starting now."

Angelina, however, had eyes only for Treize; she gave no indication she had heard Van.

"You are connected to the vision [that is to say, the ideals] of Heero Yuy and Ein."

Treize thought of his poor younger brother, "Mother, please look at Van- not at me..... he loves you more than anyone else."

"..... van?" The sparkle suddenly left Angelina's eyes, they were once again empty. How did Van feel then? There was no question that he loved their mother more than Treize did. Yet for as long as he could remember, no kind of sympathy was permitted. He knew he was not loved yet he continued to love [her]. All he could do was contrive to love her. This is all speculation but it must have been painful.

To those in charge of the facilities, Van conveyed his wish to have his mother's caregivers be limited to female staff only. When asked [we was told that] essentially female staff were [already] supposed to be [taking care of her], but now that the lunar war was over, [they couldn't guarantee Angelina female-only nurses because of] staff shortages due to providing care for the wounded.

"I do not want to hear excuses. The fact remains that my mother has suffered [a great insult] (lit: dishonorable misfortune)."

In his heart of hearts, the person in charge muttered [to himself]:

Quit fucking around you stupid brat.

It was easy for a thirteen-year-old in a position of authority to make enemies.

"Ah, also, this is the solatium [er, this is a fancy word for what basically seems like severance pay/bonus for quitting] for the man I hit. He could probably play around for a decade on that, I think." Van held out a credit key. "Please see to it that he resigns his post."

"What crazy kind of...?"

"If you don't agree, I can arrange a solatium for you also."

Actually, he looked at him with hateful eyes.

"Oh, so this is retirement money..... shall I pass it on?" The man reluctantly obeyed. In light of his mother's situation, longing and envy of his older brother, loathing of his father, hatred of the Foundation and Alliance, and contempt for the colonies [and the feelings associated with all those things] probably lead Van to seek that particular form of childish "light revenge". But for that [revenge] he would end up paying a hefty price.

At the L-1 colony space port, two secret agents were on the job. They had both been assigned separate missions by different organizations. One of the agents was Odin Lowe who was being employed by the Barton Foundation of the Colonies. The other agent was a woman from OZ named Aoi Clark who had been requested by Van of the Romefeller Foundation. Odin was tasked with rescuing Artemis' captured Anti Alliance soldiers and freeing them. Aoi had been instructed to infiltrate an underground organization and obtain the plans for the "Gundam" mobile suit made of gundanum alloy. And there was someone else operating on a complete difference vector (lit: says "vector"). That was the head engineer who successfully developed the mass production of the Leos: Seis Clark. He was accompanying his six year old step son who would later be named "Heero Yuy." The two of them were simply walking down a dome-shaped hall at the spaceport. There were no other people around.

"Mr. Clark, where are we going?"

"Seis sighed deeply and came to a stop. "You still won't call me dad?"

"no."

"Why not?"

"Because you belong to mom, not to me....."

"Well, I may be your stepfather, but I'm no sure I like being treated like a thing."

"But Mr. Clark, you have something really good....." He puffed up his little face in a display of his displeasure, "I'm the only one who doesn't have anything."

"Me... I have something good...?"

"Yes..."

"Would you tell me just what that is?"

"Leo."

Seis sobbed, his knees suddenly buckled and he fell down in tears right there [in the hall].

"Do you have any idea what it means to hear [someone] say that?" He said and tightly, tightly hugged his stepson.

"Thank you... you're such a good boy... thank you." His endless flow of tears wetted the child's shoulder. The little boy didn't understand the meaning of Seis' tears.

MC-0022 NEXT WINTER

I suddenly lifted my face. Master Chang touched the keyboard and some kind of image appeared on the big holographic monitor. I removed the virtual visor and, upon closer inspection, saw that i was a topographical map of Mars.

"--is how the situation stands at present"

Heero Yuy listened without speaking [how does she KNOW he wasn't speaking when she JUST took off the

visors?!?!]. It seems they started explaining Operation Mythos.

"However, the problem is" he touched the keyboard again and the image changed, "is whether you can kill this woman?" On the large holomonitor, several images of a beautiful, young woman appeared.

Pictures of her smiling.

Pictures of her glaring.

Pictures of her clowning around with animals.

Pictures of her looking gallant [or "manly" if you like!].

Pictures of her looking elegant.

There were not, however, pictures of her looking sad.

"This--" Heero asked in his unchangingly cold voice, "Is Dorlian? Or Peacecraft?"

Duo, who was getting annoyed, showed, "Duh! It's Peacecraft! Relena Peacecraft!"

Yes.....

The young woman's face being projected onto the honomonitor was our-- the Preventers-- greatest enemy: Relena Peacecraft. Heero Yuy asked Father Maxwell, who was standing to his side, "Is this a mission?"

Father answered with unusual earnestness; quietly and almost like a mutter he said, "... it's a mission." That was the only time I felt the Father was biting out the words as if they were somehow painful [to say]. When Heero heard that answer, he let out a single breath like a sigh and spoke in his cold voice.

"Mission accepted." He turned to face my superior and me and in a low tone, spoke his resolve:

"I will kill Relena Peacecraft."

To Be Continued...

[translation] Frozen Teardrop, Chapter 4, part 1



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Gundam Wing
Frozen Teardrop

Treize File 4



How often do you suppose Heero Yuy used the words "mission accepted"? Honestly, I couldn't grasp how weighty (lit: sad and heavy) the phrase was. The Gundam pilots had a strong image of [being fighters who: didn't take orders but fought of their own will; they didn't belong to any (so-called) organizations. Yet they chose to use words like "duty" and "operation." There probably wasn't supposed to be a single rationally minded person among terrorists. Maybe they had some kind of madness, or they did it just because it was an order, or within the majority of terrorists there existed damning 'evil' because if there wasn't something to their perception of sin, they couldn't carry out their missions. [more literally: Maybe there was some kind of madness or maybe it was just because it was an order or perhaps it's due to the damaging "evil" that exists in the vast majority [of people]... maybe that's why if there wasn't a "shift in the consciousness of sin" action couldn't be taken.] That could be understood plainly without (insisting upon) carrying out humanitarian faith or logic of superhuman justice. It's rather different from an "escape from sin" mindset. If I had to choose, I'd say it's closer to "penance for sinning." Upon realizing the weakness of your own heart, it would be necessary to be prepared to overcome [that weakness]. You didn't have to be right here right now to understand how rational Heero Yuy was. When he said "I will never kill again," that he should assign himself the murder of Relena Peacecraft as a "mission" was a completely (non?!)contradictory action. Or maybe that very contradiction speaks most vividly about the depth of his consideration of [his] humanity and the pain [of his grieved heart. That was the extent to which he had killed his own emotion (lit: heart). Consequently, those who demand that [strength of humanity] are undoubtedly us [i.e. the Preventers / mankind in general]. I welcomed the last stage of those Treize Khushrenada files. Since coming to understand this person, being able to (physically) experience (those events from multiple points of view) could not have been more valuable to me. I would have to thank Father Maxwell for bringing it to me. I realized that for Treize Khushrenada and the Heero Yuy who was here with us that (their action principle / their theory) had similar (points of departure [i.e. beginnings?]). Looking at it from a wider perspective, most of the legendary brave (men) used to violently shake up the AC era plunged into the vicissitudes of fate from this time. [We] turned (lit: made) those men, with their pure and innocent hearts ,into the madness of the battlefield.

AC-186 AUTUMN

In the L-1 colony cluster, there was a prison under the jurisdiction of the Cosmo Arma's Peace Preservation Police. It was that place in which, 15 years previous, Ein Yuy had been detained for unlawful entry and treasonous acts. Currently, Artemis Sedicci and some few dozen Anti Alliance soldiers were imprisoned for similar crimes. The Barton Foundation had requested Odin Lowe to rescue Artemis and he was nearly finished with that mission. The quality of his skill were certainly the artisan skills. Odin disguised himself as a prison guard and infiltrated the prison and after successfully setting bombs all over the place, he cut the main power. A power outage-- especially in space-- was directly connected to death. Previously, at the lunar battle, the Sagittarius had fallen into that situation and just like that time, the [detention block] erupted in a panic. Following on the heels of that panic the bombs went off. Nearly everyone imagined it was a large scale attack by the Anti Alliance side. However, in reality, it was Odin Lowe acting alone and the (presumed) army did not exist. Just before [all that] a single shuttle had approached the spaceport, but the space traffic controller (judged) it as a civilian ship that was supposed to pass by L-1. Immediately after the blackout, the emergency generators went online to restore power, but there was not a single sign of the shuttle anywhere in the vicinity. Normally, that shuttle would have to have been accounted for. The space traffic controller, however, felt assured that there were no threats and let the incident slide. That shuttle was, in fact, arranged for by

Odin to use as an escape shuttle. Flying (lit: operating) the shuttle was Quinze who was both part of the Anti Alliance Resistance and a revolutionary fighter from the colonies themselves. He landed the shuttle below the prison block where he and his shuttle wouldn't appear on enemy radars. By the time the bombs had gone off, Artemis and several other detainees had already boarded the shuttle. The touchy part was the timing of the getaway. Odin had set a large bomb at the top of the prison block. When it went off, there would be another power outage.

"Now, Quinze!" Odin shouted.

"Roger..."

The civilian shuttle left the prison block. Odin remained behind (in the prison block) and when the residual head faded, he made his escape.

Meanwhile...

The oversize transport ship being run by Cadets Zechs Merquise and Elv Honegger left the spaceport. 25 Greifs were to be stationed at the soon-to-be-completed flying fortress "Bulge." Honestly, there was no need for the two ace pilots such as those men to be given [such a menial task as] shipping. However, it was one of the basic principles (lit: policies) of Treize's educating:

For those who cannot protect their own machines, they have no right to pilot one (or have it protected for them)

Meaning each pilot was responsible for his own suit's preparation, inspection, transport and so on. This time was a special, one-time only situation for the two of them. Zechs and Elv had strongly desired to [make the delivery]. Once the Greifs were at the fortress, they would then fall under the jurisdiction (lit: registration) of the Cosmo Arma and the cadets of the Specials would have to procure different mobile suits. For Zechs and Elv, they had a deep regard for the Greifs. They had made their request to Treize out of a desire to make the final farewell special. Thinking back on their recently finished heroic battle was all they could do to bear the boringness of navigating space.

"That was a really close call," Elv had, at the time of the battle, charge alone before Treize to protect him. "If professor Treize had been hit, we probably wouldn't be doing this now." Even at Lake Victoria, Zechs and Elv had not been in the same room at the same time without anyone else present (lit: left alone together. BUT that has overtones of *something* that are not present in the raw text). Although they were aware of each other, they only ever exchanged greetings and not much more. In the isolation of space, this was the first time the pair of them had exchanged words without another person present. And there was both a particular meaning and a touch of destiny. Or maybe it was intentional.

"If you had not protected Treize then, I believe I would have killed you," Zechs said coldly.

"Same here, Zechs. You're an asshole (lit: enemy), just so you know [I chose "asshole" because they are military brats and starting a pissing contest, how better to get a rile out of someone?]"

"When did you find out?"

"The attack at Mogadishu."

"Treize also knows what I really am."

"You're bad at hiding it." Elv looked Zechs in the eye and continued speaking, "Those blue eyes, they're characteristic of Cinq royalty..... that and your bold, daring fighting style speaks of the Peacecraft bloodline."

Zechs gave a masochistic smile, "My grandmother's blood perhaps..... seems as though she used to be called the 'Lighting Queen'."

"My dad hated the Cinq Kingdom from the bottom of his heart, he was [absolutely] disgusted by it."

"Brigadier General Daigo Honegger..... have you already reported to your father?"

"Are you joking? I would never sell out a war buddy." Elv kept looking at him sharply. "That and before we were soldiers, we were both Treizes students....."

"But I'll still get my revenge (lit: haven't thrown away feelings of revenge)."

"Do what you want. What your father did was unforgivable. But I've never felt the need to apologize to you."

"Like father like son (lit: chain of hatred)." The two young cadets both sighed deeply at the same time.

"When will it all end (lit: when will the day when it is all over come)?"

"I'm more concerned about when you'll take [back] the Peacecraft name to do that."

"Meaning?"

"The Peacecraft family makes peace..... won't they do anything at all in order to stop war?"

"For example?"

"For the sake of breaking the chain, they could stop time."

"Hn..... that is one day that will probably never come." The two of them could not yet see the space fortress Bulge.

It had been Seis Clark-- the engineer entrusted with manufacturing the whole of OZ's weaponry-- who had done the initial basic design of the space fortress Bulge. In AC 175, however, MS production switched from the Tall Geese to the mass produced Leos and when Seis was made director of that whole program, he reluctantly handed the reigns of the Bulge development over to his replacement. And to add insult to injury (lit: another unwilling thing), the mobile suits designated to be/provide the Bulge's main fire power were suits that ignored his design ideas.

In a hotel room at the spaceport, Seis was raging at his wife and son.

"Tell me what the merits were of that lunar war!" From their standpoint, neither Aoi nor her young son could find any words for Seis. "I made the Leo! I made the Bulge!" But just imagining what he must have been feeling, they understood his uncontrollable wrath so much it hurt.

"But isn't the Greif similar to what you made?"

"No! Absolutely not! There's no way I'd ever make such an expensive thing! I disapprove! I completely disapprove!"

"But....."

"Shut up!"

When she tried to speak, her words just made Seis all the more angry and the more he spoke, the more he berated himself.

"Mr. Clark....." the little boy was holding a toy Leo in his hand. When Seis saw it, he lost his temper [completely].

"Ch!" He took the toy from the small fist and threw it against the wall. "Don't let the kid have that! Are you trying to make a fool of me?!"

"Don't get upset over that toy."

"I didn't make toys!"

The little boy hunched down and collected the broken fragments [of the toy]. The toy probably wasn't the only thing that was broken.

"....."

"Hn. 'Mr. Clark!' Is that how much you refuse to see me as your father?"

"....." he didn't say anything. He was gathering the toy pieces as best he could.

"That's it. Get out, both of you!"

"Honey....."

"You should go to your real father! He's still alive, isn't he?"

"Please calm down, [don't talk like that] in front of [The Child] (lit: Please calm down, there's a child here)."

"Excuse me, but that isn't my child [note: "my child" is in Japanese special quotes, I'm guessing that's what English might use italics for for emphasis]." That was the last he vented, then strode away into the next room. [Aoi's] son didn't cry.

"Is it broken?"

"No, it's okay....."

"I'll get you another one."

"I don't need it." He had collected all the broken pieces.

This is the only thing that's mine.

Without speaking of what was in his heart, he asked about his mother, "Mother, do you love that man?"

"Of course I do, as much as you do [note could be "as much as I love you"]," she said with her ear pressed to the closed door of the room into which Seis had run. Despite his youth, even he knew she had said one thing and done another.

"....."

Later, the pitiable boy came across an unfamiliar little girl.

"Are you lost? [note: she says "Oniichan" which is literally "big brother" but commonly used to address someone you don't know who is not old enough to be your father's age (in which case you might say "ojiisan" which is literally "uncle") or your grandfather's age (in which case you might say "ojiisan" which is literally "grandfather".)]," she asked him.

Are you lost?

He was asked [that] repeatedly and [now] he had to answer.

"I....." he spoke slightly of his lot as a child who had never been loved by anyone, "... have been lost since the day I was born."

Seis opened a long distance line to the Barton Foundation on the L-3 colony cluster. That was the range limit for

real-time conversation at the time.

"Please put Mr. Dekim on the line." He called for the Barton Foundation representative. The businessman that appeared on the monitor had a smile on his insolently polite face.

"Head Engineer Seis, thanks to you, the operation was a success."

"That's good," Seis continued to speak in monotones. "Then I think it's about time for my wish to come to fruition."

"Ask for anything."

"I did a little work on that shuttle."

"I've received a report from Quinze."

"A large OZ transport is headed to the Bulge."

"Yes."

"[Shoot it] out of the sky!"

Dekim relayed the orders to Quinze.

"Steal those Greifs before they reach the Bulge." [Dekim's] accomplice Seis' wish had just taken on a different shape.

"A civilian shuttle approached the large transport ship. Zechs and Elv were on from the rear.

"Zechs, an S.O.S"

"Is it engine trouble?"

"No, a space-jacking." On the monitor was Artemis' grinning face.

"This is Artemis Sedici." Both of them looked at her with horror. "How have you boys been?" She elegantly held a gun to the back of Quinze's head, smiling. "You already know what we want, yes? Will you abandon this poor pilot?"

"Ridiculous....." True, that was just (a scene from) the resistance's penny theatre, yet Zechs and Elv, a just and moral men, could not ignore the situation (lit: leave it as it was). Artemis also predicted they would not act impetuously. The two men realized they had been had when the civilian shuttle had drawn quite near the transport and from the lower hangar, Leo III "Chimeras" came out with their bazookas [aimed at the transport]. That had been Seis Clark's doing. At the time, the average transport was not equipped with a self destruct [system:.. It was the same for mobile suits.

"Hm..... the vicious circle continues (lit: chain of hate)," Zechs said with a self depreciating sneer. Elv muttered philosophically, "As long as man lives, he will hate....."

"Do you want to resist?"

"Knock it off. You're supposed to have ambition..... I won't let you throw your life away like that."

"But....." A scheming smile played on Elv's lips, [and it] pressed Zechs' buttons.

The twenty-five Greifs that were on the large transport abruptly disappeared along with the two cadets Zechs Merquise and Elv Honegger. They never made it to the space fortress Bulge. On the Alliance's public record, it was recorded that these two died. Ultimately--. [literally, this is a whole phrase that translates wonkily into this: Speaking

from a final conclusion--] The cadets were just as lost as the twenty five newest, best mobile suits. Principle members of the anti-alliance, Artemis and her men, were lost. On top of that, the Lunar Marius Plant had been obliterated. Hence, considering these three points the First Lunar War: Ocean of Storms War was an unmitigated loss for the united Earth Sphere Alliance. To prove [that it was such a disaster], Van Khushrenada decided it was a disgrace to his brother's sterling record and chose to strike it from his profile (lit: war history). In fact, it wouldn't be until two years later in AC 188 that Treize [and the Specials] would again appear in the records. Of all the battles fought in space, history shows the Cosmo Arma as being (entirely) [undefeated]. To this end, Major Septum cheerfully cooperated in falsifying records and the following month he was promoted to Lieutenant Commander, then Colonel the following year and each year after that his titles (promotions) continued to rise. You could say he was unusually successful in life, but following the collapse of General Liddle-hart's system, most of the great deeds were up for grabs (lit: merely snatched up). Some called Septum [Mr.] Incompetent, but he was a genius at rewriting history. Here, too, he showed the same brilliance in his work performance. But Van Khushrenada, of course, looked to Treize's judgement.

"Shall the Cosmo Arma clean up after the Marius Plant defeat? They seem to have pride enough for that."

"I have no objections, Van Khushrenada. But first, have you received permission from the honorable General Catalonia?"

"You mean the missing cadets?"

"Zechs and Elv."

"No [I haven't received permission], you needn't take it to heart so."

"I can't do that. They're both my students. I must find them [at any cost] (more lit: even if it costs me my life)."

"If you say so, shall I contact uncle Chilia?" Van reluctantly agreed and made a [serious] entreaty, "Please make sure to return by the opening ceremony for the Bulge. And please..... don't work yourself too hard..... If something were to happen (to you), it would break Mother's heart."

"Alright, Van....."

The following day, Treize formed a special investigative force consisting of the cream of the crop from his students and lead them on a search for Zechs and Elv.

AC-196 OCTOBER 26

When the United Earth Sphere alliance was inaugurated in AC 133, its purpose was to avoid disputes among the nations of Earth. However, the countries of Asia, the Middle East, South America, and Africa had, in preparation for the Norther Hemisphere and in particular Europe and America, to take the initiative, refused to support the Alliance. As a result, the disputes worsened and people hoped for peace escaped the fighting by fleeing to the colonies.

Looking at this from a different angle, during the AC period, the vast majority of people so hoped for peace that it lead to an antinomy of war [trying to abstain from it]. However, in hindsight, in the history of man maintaining the social order of "peace" has not been universally [accepted: but rather a man-made [ideal: borne from difficult circumstances and forced upon ourselves. [It is] rather like a demandingly difficult tightly rope walk and it is an extremely fragile thing that could collapse at the slightest opposition or fissure.

You could say it rather closely resembled the "fragile, man-made" colonies.

The first thing Heero Yuy did was take the colonies' wish for "demilitarized pacifism" and begin calling it "war-wearism," which some thing was likely [more in the spirit of] (lit: an attitude of) "do whatever it takes to stay out of war." No matter how much one desires to live in a peacefully stable world, as long as (these kinds of) "fear," "profit,"

and "honor" exist, one cannot escape the [possibility] of war befalling his country. For the sake of avoiding that, it is necessary to be more scrupulously prepared, to have strong willed leaders among us (lit: not lacking in existence), strength of numbers of soldiers and an inexhaustible (lit: indispensable) supply of arms, [near limitless (lit: vast)] resources and vast funding cannot be forgotten. The Bulge construction, a moveable fortress that existed at the edge of the areas of the L-1 and L-2 colonies (which bookended the moon), resulted in [being] a large [financial burden] (lit: debt) to be borne by the citizen of space. "Bulge" meant protuberant or swollen. From the Earth it could be "protruding fortress," but from space it could mean an "unnecessary burden;" which it is [truly] meant to be is unclear. Since the Cosmo Arma commenced construction in AC 174, to its completion twenty six years later in fall AC 186, the citizens of the colonies footed the bill entirely. Basically this ruined the colonies finances and hid the funds (lit: budget) wasted on military projects. However, in doing so [making colonists' foot the bill, that is], it cannot be refuted that it served only to make the colonists embrace something like a deep-seated abhorrence of the United Earth Sphere Alliance. L-2 colony VO8744 especially took heavy financial damage; suffered from hunger and poverty; and like the soon-to-arrive Duo Maxwell, many youths-- that is to say soldiers-- resulted in an increase in army numbers.

Seis Clark had been invited to the opening celebration being held in honor of the completion of the Bulge; he probably still had something left in his heart of hearts. Not as a guest of honor of course, but as one of the affiliates who rendered [the project] a distinguishing service. Other leading figures from colonies close [as in friendly] to the Alliance also participated in much the same capacity. Seis did not change [clothes] but remained in the anteroom usually used by regular officers; he showed no signs of heading to the ceremony. Aoi talked as she put on her full dress uniform [or dress or whatever], "You really won't go to the ceremony?"

"Don't worry about me....." He was then in a thoroughly depressed state.

"Alright..... let's go." Aoi took her son's hand, he was wearing an uncomfortable (lit: tight) three piece suit, and left for the ceremony.

It was as she was standing before the doors to the reception room when Aoi noticed her son was holding the Leo he had taped back together all by himself.

"You should have left that back in the room."

"It's standing in for Mr. Clark."

A sad smile touched her face when she heard that. "Okay, then, this can be my stand in," she said and handed him a blue origami crane. "I don't really want to go either. I'll be waiting here."

"Okay....."

She knew her husband Seis was sleeping with the enemy. And she well knew that she was in no position to criticize. It was rather more like she sympathized [with him: Aoi had already finished the mission (lit: request) Van had given her, she just hadn't yet passed him the information. She hesitated whenever she saw her son with his ubiquitous Leo toy.

Compared to me, that child

She [felt] crushed beneath the weight of her son's laudability Time passed leaving her more or less unable to hand [him] over [NOTE: she couldn't give him up for the sake of continuing to be a spy]. As an OZ agent, it was a shortcoming.

This is the last time [alternatively: I'll quit when this is done].

She had heard that Van Khushrenada was in the reception room on the fortress.

I was probably the one to run him (lit: that person) down.

I have to help Seis [through] his suffering.

This is my mission starting now.

She made up her mind to [give up spying] and thought she, Seis and her son could all start a normal (lit: ordinary) life together. Inside the blue origami crane that she had given her son was a microchip containing a copy of the data for the plans to make a Gundanium ZERO mobile suit.

There were two things that stood out about Seis's career as an engineer. There was the Bulge space fortress that stood strong for some ten years; and there was the twenty plus years of being the man who made Leos with only minor changes and probably ought to have been praised for it more often. It is obvious that the genius who hit upon the (unusual) mad specs that brought us the Tall Geese and Gundam should have their achievement applauded; (there is no mistaking) that those super-machines which stood the test of time and the completion of that technology was undoubtedly meritorious. But his evaluation ends at the (single/sole) engineer level, not as one who stands the test of time as an important person historically speaking. Still, it is believed that is [exactly] the praise that Seis desired. Time, however, looking him over. It was later engineers who made a more accurate assessment of Seis' technological skill and understood the height of his good deeds. The intelligentsia who think of the origins of political economics couldn't help but ignore [Seis' accomplishments on account of their being done in such a specific field. However, Seis wanted [to be counted among the] intellectual class, and especially he wanted status and fame from the Romefeller Foundation. He wanted people to notice him more. His envious/covetous feelings ultimately resulted in the lessening of his worth. Later, in AC 195 Seis' stepson would descend upon the Earth in a Gundam under the code names "Heero Yuy" and "Red One." On several fronts, that was an active period for Leos.

The Leo was the most famous, the king of all mobile suits.

That was common knowledge not only among soldiers but civilians also. It may be a bit of a stretch, but the boy took the actions he took for the sake of revealing the Leos true power, however challenging, there was no distortion.

General Chilie Catalonia of the United Earth SPHERE Alliance stood upon the podium at the (completion) celebration and expounded upon the ways in which the space fortress Bulge was necessary for the colonies.

"Looking back through history and we see peace for the colonies has long been at the expense (lit: sacrifice) of maintaining Earth's peace. That (little star's) futile power struggle has had a large impact on the lives of all. At the recent war on the moon-- you surely all recall that event-- that battle also was just a convenience for the Earth [alternative: that was was done at Earth's leisure.]" Scheming people begin by speaking the truth. "And now, this moving fortress Bulge has been built to become the sole military force in space. In doing this, the lunar watch has also been flawless. We no longer need to submit to the expectations of the Earth." Chilia's speech had been drafted by Van Khushrenada. The following words demonstrated his political prowess, "I truly know how inexcusable it is to request the colonies to [provide funds to cover the construction costs]. But please try to understand. It is you who are the proprietors of this fortress." In truth, he was merely pushing his own agenda but with this cunning (theory [turn of phrase fits better, I think]), the 'misfortunate and weak' had been changed into the 'fortunate pacifists.'

"We the United Earth Sphere Alliance will not simply borrow space (lit: rent a room). Of course, the fortress supplies and maintenance fees will be covered by foundations from all across the globe. Please rest assured." This was also the most effective method to foster (lit: sponsor) [a sense of easiness] and appease the naive people of the colonies. "After Colony 186, there will be peace in space. I, Chilie Catalonia, hereby resign my marshalship to join the ranks and do announce that war is over." Chilia's demotion from marshal to general was purely nominal and most likely done because [he wanted to] take responsibility for their huge defeat in the Sea of Storms war. For certain, the war was by no means over and [he] was still supreme (lit: unifying) commander for the Alliance. Nevertheless, a large majority of people believed the sweet lies of "peaceful space" and wound up agreeing to pay the fortress' construction costs in much the same way nine years later in AC 195, Special Commander [this is another 特佐 as mentioned above] Lady Une of OZ successfully armed the colonies while extolling [the virtues] of peace. (Certainly)

it was as Duo Maxwell said at the time: There's a lot of good natured [people] in Space.

In the midst of that space--

Dorothy listened to her father. She was six years old and she was bored. Beside her stood Van Kushrenada.

"Mr. Van, where is Mr. Treize?"

"Hm..." Van asked the SP in sunglasses [note this says SP, which leads ME to believe this is Special Police or another kind of protection agency given their location to such powerful political figures. In chapter 5, SP is used again but in what seems to be applied to a completely different job.], "Where is my brother?"

"He has not yet returned."

"Geeze, I'm bored," she said and puffed out her cheeks with displeasure.

"So am I."

"I'm going exploring," she said and all but swam through the waves of people in the hall [reception hall].

"Don't get lost," he said. With his [pointed look] (lit: with his eyes), Van ordered half the SP to follow the uninhibited Dorothy. He blew out a breath of air and thought of his brother who was still combing space. "Unlike Dorothy..... you should just let those good-for-nothing cadets stay lost." The results of the Earth investigation revealed that Elv Honegger was the son of Brigadier General Honegger of the North European Arma. The boy Zechs Merquise' name and family registry were fictitious. He discovered such a person did not exist anywhere upon the Earth.

It's dangerous to let them close to Treize.....

He wished they wouldn't be found.

Treize doesn't need them.

He earnestly believed that. (Before Van,) the son of Aoi and Seis appeared. He was still carrying his taped up Leo under his arm. Van was (just) a little interested in the toy.

"That's a Leo?"

"Early model Mach I..... it's Seis' representative."

"The coloring isn't very good, huh."

"I don't like the white ones."

That was something Van didn't particularly want to hear. He changed the subject. "Did you need me for something?"

"....." The [child] holding the Leo didn't immediately start speaking.

"You're the son of Head Engineer Seis Clark, aren't you?" Even after being asked that question, the boy didn't even nod. He wanted to say something else.

"You're welcome here, whatever you were thinking, you can give me your honest opinion."

"Is the war really over?"

Van thought [the boy: had read his mind. He returned a question with a smile frozen upon his face, "What do you think?"

"I think it isn't over."

"Why is that? You mean you don't want peace?"

"I want peace..... but I don't think it will happen."

After a masochistic chuckle, Van asked another question from a different angle. "Do you want to fight?"

".....I don't want to fight."

"Is that so..... Well that's why the war's over."

"But just running away isn't any good." This was still a conversation between a six year old and a thirteen year old. Van thought it was cuter to have a conversation with the six year old Dorothy.

"I see, that's right. Your opinions have been very helpful." Van held out his left hand for a handshake. "I'll use that as my guideline from here on out. Thank you."

"....." The six year old boy held out his left hand to take Van's still-extended one. With a very few exceptions in the Boy Scouts [and similar institutions], the left handed handshake was not very common. There wasn't a particularly deep meaning for the kids, it was [along the lines of] [what is done] before a duel or 'Adieu' (('the final goodbye' in French)) situations but at the same time something of a prank. That was how you could interpret that scene. (However), conversely, their left handed handshake could possibly be seen as symbolic. It's not necessary to think over much about that here. What is important is that a blue origami crane was left in Van's hand.

"What's this?"

"My mother's representative."

Van raised the crane to his ear and shook it, confirming that there was something inside.

"Give my regards to Miss Aoi," he whispered to Aoi's son's back. At the same time, Dorothy returned. She and the boy bumped into the boy and he dropped the toy Leo on the floor.

"Be careful."

The boy who would later assume the name "Heero Yuy" picked up his step father's stand in and said, "You, too." It was a minute thing. The two subjects of that incident likely don't even remember it. It was AC 195 at the reconstructed Cinq Kingdom that the two next met.

Several hours later, Chilie and Van were in the command room aboard the Bulge fortress conducting a meeting with Earth Sphere Alliance Unity Head Quarter's leaders.

"Why is it that we must pay the maintenance fees for the Bulge?" Asked General Venti who was dripping dissatisfaction. Van immediately answered, "If we have the people of the colonies pay any more, the Bulge truly will become theirs."

"No, the problem is the increase in military budget support from each country. With the Bulge complete, the only fear is Earth (lit: excepting the Earth OR possibly outside the Earth, why then is this still necessary?"

"Please look at this." Van loaded the microchip from the blue origami crane into the computer, it was displayed on the monitor. "This is a blueprint for a mobile suit made of Gundanium."

On that trial ZERO machine---

<>

--was recorded.

"The colonies are going to mass produce these and put up a resistance."

"Are they serious? I find this unexpected and difficult to believe."

General Noventa asked, "Gentlemen, can you think of no reasons [for this to be true]? I can think of more than sufficient reasons myself." The assassination of the leader Heero Yuy, the manipulation of export tariff (percentages), the maintenance fees for the Cosmo Arma, (and) then the squeezing out of building expenses for the space fortress, and their extended psychological oppression by the controlling class. The Earth was so arrogant that the colonies had (untold/uncountable) reasons for starting an uprising.

"We would probably require some fifty mobile suits or more to counter these [new/Gundanium] mobile suits..... if the colonies did complete a mass production system, our Cosmo Arma would have to ready some fifty times the firepower. For the sake of maintaining Earth's peace, a large increase in the military budget is inevitable (lit: can't be helped)."

Commander Septim waited until the right time before shouting, "Our second Cosmo Arma would like reinforcements." This man was now [attempting] building a military base in the L-3 colony cluster. "If we just stop inter-colony cooperation....."

"Is it not possible to manufacture a Gundanium mobile suit using our own technology?"

"What would it cost and how much time would it take?"

"You see, gentlemen, our [most] pressing need is to increase the military budget." All the generals became restless. Even the war experts received a jolt. The heads of Earth's nations would acquiesce to an increase in military spending. If space were established as the (imaginary/virtual) enemy, it was their job (lit: duty to Earth) [to create] an (excessive)-- to the point of saturation-- military power. Anyhow, Young Van with his animonious connection to both [Earth and space], had the abilities to bridge the gap between the inconsistencies (lit: on different vectors) into equilibrium. He would extend a helping hand to the weak while providing unease and fear among the strong. To the aged, he would show a nightmarish future and for the young he would free them from the spell of the past. If whatever general on the monitor--

'If we prepare military funds here, conversely that would lead to all out war with the colonies?' How would that question be answered if it were asked? The real problem was not the mass production of mobile suits made of Gundanium (which are called Gundams). Not only did the colonies lack the resources and factory power for mass production, there also existed no pilots to fly the suits. With regards to the plans for the "Wing ZERO," Quatre Raberba Winner took nine years to complete it as he hadn't so much as even made parts for the machine before. The surprising thing about the plans was even though there were absolutely no pilots who could handle it, that wasn't necessarily viewed as a problem. When Van realized this, he had no qualms of consciousness about manipulating the information. Also, there is no uncertainty that [doing so] would surely benefit the Romefeller Foundation. The thirteen year old genius turned the blue origami crane into a paper airplane and tried to make it fly. It was no hindrance [to him?] when the boy was dubbed (lit: described) as unscrupulous.

It was characteristic of the AC period but the young boys and (young) girls that could also be called youth generation (lit: stratem) would, later in history, also be seen elsewhere in (standing) in important positions. Relena Peacecraft became 'Queen' sovereign of the World Nation at fifteen years old and Dorothy Catalonia was the same age when she assumed the command of the revolutionary White Fang army. Still younger were the Gundam pilots and others when they entered the battlefield. What was surprising was Mariemaya Khushrenada proclaiming war against the Earth sphere as a mere seven years of age. When thinking about reasons why these things happen, it should

probably be put down to the generations apathy- a generational fault. That was just like the relative/comparative themes that were almost characteristically seen in the late twentieth and early twenty-first centuries (of the previous age). With the heightened medical facilities and abundant foodstuffs the average life expectancy of man increased and as the class of leaders in political, economic, thought, and artistic fields aged, it was common to see them not hand the reigns over the the next generation. Thus the would-be inheritors of the next generation [learned] to put up with (lit: bear) the chronic oppression and became unable to try new experiments or take reformative action. Ergo to their own children, this generation handed almost precociously the education [worthy of the] gifted while they themselves were released from the obligations of going without. Those elderly leaders began to feel (even) their own limits and when they thought to (entrust) their position [to others], there were none among the irresponsible next generation to [take over]. As a result, the only option left was to entrust the [next] next generation's prodigious youth [with the proverbial keys to the kingdom, see #1 below]. More than seniority [based leadership schemes], if ability took precedence, the ignorant would not [come to] stand on the [world] stage. It was that what invited those circumstances [it was that ability system that lead to youths leading the world. However, [with this] particular addition, there was no reason to think of the situation as unusual [yet Van was given a lot of flak by higher ups and others for being only 13 and in power?!]. On the contrary, the real problem was probably that seniority and experience (value)-- parts not all that related to ability-- were made the object of evaluation. The blue paper air plane fell upon the table. Dorothy was hiding there. The [so-called] 'fate' that time brought [also], to various people, suddenly presented a turning point (on occasion). This was that time.

"Open fire!" Artemis ordered. She stopped the large transport ship that had (proceeded) come from the L-2 colony cluster at a distance from which she could observe the (space fortress) Bulge and [sent] the twenty-five Greifs into a sortie. The suits were no longer white. There was no ideological meaning [to the new color, but] they were painted jet black, practical for space and that wouldn't stick out. There after they were called Black Schwarz Greif ((Jet Black Leo IV)).

"The Bulge is the target!" Suddenly the curtain dropped away [from Artemis'] surprise attack on the Bulge. The twenty-five Schwarz Greif Artemis was leading peeled away in bands of three and commenced their various firing. The Bulge was being attacked from every direction. She was good at formations. The eight Chimera (Leo III)) sent to intercept [the Greifs] were instantly surrounded and every single one of them was defeated. The fortress defenses-- 280 mm triple gun turrets in the outer wall and double barrel guns-- had been set up without any blind spots but they could not land a hit on the Schwarz Greif because of their high speed movements. (On the contrary), several of the midrange guns hit several of the gun towers which created a blind spot and a safe zone for the surprise attack unit.

In a matter of minutes, the Bulge [suffered] severe damage. Though it was protected by the solid titanium outer wall, the (insides) received violent shocks (lit: vibrations), and smoke from fires that were caused by the blasting had spread to the outer halls. The just-deployed soldiers were far from fighting back; they couldn't even get a handle on the fires. Most citizens were civilians and they were just [running] hither and thither in an absolute panic. The biggest factor in that poor response was conceited Alliance leaders who didn't predict [account for] surprise attacks. As an example to prove this, the commander was holed up in the command room, which was a blunder in that he had yet to arrive at his post. That unpreparedness in the chain of command left the soldiers unsure of what they should do and left [the Bulge] entirely dependent upon the defense system and completely without any tactical action being taken. At that time, Van Khushrenada, General Chilie Catalonia and his daughter Dorothy were in the command room. Despite being told to wait outside by her father, Dorothy had hidden [in the command room] out of curiosity. The three of them got [trapped] in the command room when a direct hit to the outer wall caused the automatic defense system to start. Nevertheless, Chilie was an able general. He opened a communication line, encouraged his soldiers, had them take positions just as they'd done in drills and made them defend [the Bulge] such that they could not infiltrate the enemy's insides [see #2]

"Carry my orders out without exception! Don't worry, the Bulge won't lose (lit: fall) that easily!" Dorothy looked upon her father's back with profound admiration.

The problem was all the civilians [on board] the fortress. The soldiers had their hands full carrying out Charlie's orders and couldn't lead [the civilians] to the refuge shelter. In the completely closed down reception room, Aoi searched for her son. The every-day lighting was out and under the red light of the emergency beacons she continued her desperate search. [Her son] wasn't in the reception room.

"[He must be] outside this room." Having come to that [conclusion], she suddenly tore up the skirt of her dress (revealing) up to her thighs. With bewitching eyes, she spoke to the man in sunglasses standing beside her, "Excuse me....." As she spoke, the SP guard tipped his head and she delivered a hard round-house kick to the back of his head. His sunglasses fell to the rug. Then, from his breast [pocket/shoulder holster] she took his pistol and [started to] fire away at the safety lock on the door. To an outsider looking in, it just looked like she had gone crazy. The heavy door moved slightly when worked by hand. For her, she had extreme arm strength, but the door would not open. Other SP [began to] surround her.

"What are you doing! We could do that in a jiffy if---"

"Hurry! It's not safe here!"

"Wha?"

"Get everyone to the shelter! Hurry! Help me!" The SP were thus overwhelmed by what Aoi was screaming and made to help her open the heavy door. Of course her words were an ad lib spoken in the heat of the moment (lit: in an emergency). She wasn't thinking of helping all those in the room [with her]. She could only think of how to find her son.

Just before that, Seis Clark flew out of the officer's room and even as the smoke wafting down the hall surprised him he snapped his mouth shut and rushed to the reception room in the mid-levels [of the fortress]. He was worried for his wife and son. It was shameful that he was not with them at such a time.

This is no time to mope!

Since he had been the one to design [the Bulge], he arrived at the corridor for the mid-levels without consulting map. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say it was Seis alone who could move freely and at his own will through the fortress.

"Only me." As he (strenuously) ran full out through the vision-impairing smoke, Seis was screaming before he knew it, "Only I can help my wife and son!"

Before him, a soldier in a spacesuit appeared, riding on an ele-auto-- a two wheel electric motorbike that can operate at high speeds even in zero gravity.

"Head Engineer Seis!"

"Do I know you? (lit: Do you know me?)"

"Yes. Please get on!" He held out another space suit [to Seis].

"I don't need that!"

"You're trying to get to the reception room, yes?"

"...y-yes!"

"Allow me to take you there. However, there may be an air lead along the way! So! [Put on the suit.]"

"Al-alright!" Seis put on the proffered spacesuit.

"Sorry."

Then, from far away, they heard the sound of an explosion. (Even so), they could feel the enemy closing in.

"Honestly, what is the commander doing? Why don't they use the Bulge's guns?" Seis complained as he finished changing and took the rear seat on the ele-auto.

"Could I ask you to navigate?"

"Of course, just hurry!"

They set off at a break neck speed. The soldier at the handle[s of the bike] in reality didn't exist on any Alliance register [roster?]. That [particular] man was an agent for the Anti-Alliance and had been posing as a soldier [since the start of the confusion caused by the attack] when he had stolen a Cosmo Arma space suit. He was [actually] Odin Lowe. His mission was to cause a disturbance from the inside of the fortress but that was, at present, totally unnecessary and so he chose to "follow his emotion." That [emotion] was to save the son that connected him to his one-time lover by blood. In other words, his goal and actions were identical to Seis'. The ele-auto ran through a thick curtain of smoke. But usual corridors had their bulkheads closed.

"On the other side of that bulkhead is a mobile suit hangar."

"Roger." Without decelerating, Odin pulled the pin on a hand grenade and as he turned a wide turn on the ele-auto, he threw the grenade at the on-coming bulkhead. A path to the hangar opened owing to the explosion.

"You're crazy!"

"Not as crazy as your wife."

"Do you know my wife?"

"Hold on tight!" Odin [punched] the ele-auto forward once more and flew into the mobile suit hangar.

"If you keep going straight 30 degrees to the upper right there is a vent for the fortress' [central] air circulation [system]. That's also a direct connection to the (overheating and cooling) [system] for the Bulge canon's main engine, but it's possible to pass through now." As the Sagittarius didn't have the vents, it took [quite] some time for an energy charge. "From there, we can get right to the mid-levels (in one fell swoop)."

Finally the heavy door of the reception room opened a couple dozen centimeters. The slender Aoi forcibly squeezed herself through and escaped to the outer hall. The corridor of the long mid-level had no yet been cut off by the bulkheads. She kicked off her high heels and ran. Her swift movements were a product of her training as an OZ agent but she'd already had high physical capability to begin with.

On the ele-auto, Odin and Seis passed through the mobile suit hangar and ran full tilt through the vents. At the [same] time, an enemy mobile suit broke into the hangar. Seis looked behind and just barely hung on. He knew the suit just by its silhouette.

"Th-that's Greif, isn't it....." The Schwarz Greif destroyed one immobile Chimera after another. The [Chimera's] fusion reactor exploding caused more suits to explode. The whole of the hangar changed into an ocean of fire.

[translation] Frozen Teardrop, Chapter 4, part 2



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Aoi heard the nearby explosion and it set each muscle into overdrive and she ran with terrible speed. As predicted, the bulkheads began closing one after the other to shut out smoke from the fire. She was like a hurdler and flew over the rising walls and slid/dove under the walls that came whistling down [in attempts] to cut off the path; and she did so whole barely losing any speed. Her beloved son, however, was not easily found. even Aoi began to show signs of fatigue. [Just] when she thought she'd reached her body's limit at the next bulkhead, she caught a small shadow in the next corridor. [She knew] beyond any doubt that it ws her won son for whom she had been searching. He was pulling at his Leo, which had been caught in the bulkhead, with all his might. As Aoi made to call to her son there was a violent explosion. For a second, she ws hit with despair. At the same time, a column of bright red flames passed by. A mere handful of seconds prior, the ele-auto saved her son. Aoi watched [the scene] as if in slow motion. It was Odin and Seis riding the ele-auto. Her beloved son had been rescued by his two fathers. She smiled with relieved joy and the iron [of the rescue] made her laugh from the [bottom of her] heart.

I'm so happy..... but
I'm sorry...
Plese forgive me [all of you]....
I can't be with you any more.....
Good..... bye

And Aoi was thrown out into the dark vacuum of space.

The image of Aoi smiling as she disappeared into the flames [I know, she just got sucked out into space. Also: can things flame in space?] was burned into their eyes.

"Aoi, I'm sorry."

Seis left his son in Odin's care, "Look after him for a bit....."

"Oi, wait.... this is nuts!" Seis, the one time head engineer turned family man, got off the ele-auto, kicked the wall of the vent-now nearly gravity-free-- and disappeared into the still-exploding hangar. Odin spoke up to the child [Seis had] left behind, "The air's gotten thinner. Are you alright?" The boy heard and gave a small nod; but in his eyes, the fragments of his broken toy showed (lit: could be seen).

I've lost my Thing.
Nothing....
I don't have anything.

Thought the young boy.

Odin picked up [his son] and ran the ele-auto to the refuge shelter.

Seething with [thoughts of] revenge, Seis clambered into a Chimera in the hangar and, demonstrating his own knowledge of mobile suits was not lacking, challenged the hateful Greifs to hand-tohand combat. Three more enemy suits joined and it was an extremely fierce/heroic battle. Yet however new and powerful [his Chimer as], it still remained a Leo. This was a (fighting style) only Seis had.

"Not you assholes!"

With all apologies to his beloved wife, he exploded one suit by amputating the suit's energy generator on its back.
"Not the Greifs!"

To shame the arrogance of another suit, [Seis] destroyed it while [simultaneously] breaking its head-mounted camera and ripping out the auto-balance circuits under the left arm.

"You won't get my son!"

The last suit he fought for the future of the stepson who had always thought of him [Seis].

"I won't be beat!!"

With all his might, Seis thrust his beam saber through the Schwarz Greif's chest. He had, however, just missed the cockpit for which he'd been aiming. That final Schwarz Greif fired its mid-range canons just then. Seis' Chimera blew up and the Greif also was swallowed in the explosion and [both were] lost. The blast was of such a large scale that the whole Bulge listed [to one side].

Artemis had received a report that the three suit unit that had preceded [her] and successfully [broke into] the inside [of the Bulge] had been destroyed by a single Chimera.

"That's..... impossible." She thought there had been a (stunningly) brilliant pilot manning [that Chimera]. Perhaps it was the OZ Specials---

"Treize Khushrenada....." If she attacked carelessly, she would get burned.

She considered rearranging her troops and gave the order to assemble at the position [located in a] blind spot [relative to the] bombardment [coming] from the fortress. "All suits, convene at H point!" That's when it happened. Treize appeared on her (communication monitor).

"This is Treize Khushrenada of the United Earth Sphere Alliance OZ Specials."

"Where are you?"

"Right behind you."

[Artemis] turned around in horror. There, a unit of white Chimeras had spread out around Schwarz Greif, encircling them.

"Again?!" She rather hated [how] Treize took her from behind. This was the second time her pride had been hurt [by him]. She immediately issued orders to all suits.

"All suits, change in attack target! the [new] targets are the white Leos! Concentrate fire on the enemy leader." The Schwarz Greif concentrated their mid-range canons on Treiz's suit at once.

"You don't wish to duel? Then I am obliged to....." Treize opened a different line and connected to the bulge. "Space fortress Bulge, please respond." The [people in] the command room had waited with bated breath for Treize [to contact them].

"Mr. Treize!"

"Brother....."

On the monitor, Treize's face looked unusually elegant [same word could also be read as "manly"].

"Your Excellency Mr. Catalonia, please cancel the automatic defense system and fire the Barge's canon."

"Wh-what?"

"And, if you so desire, please have my dear younger brother Van push the button." The designated person [button-pusher Van] could not hide his bewilderment.

"Brother, what do you mean?"

"It must be you, Van....."

As Treize[s suit] dodged the Schwarz Greif gunfire, he slowly fell back. "The enemy suits will follow me..... set the Bulge's cross hairs on me....." By the special properties of the Bulge canons, the greater the distance [Treize could "earn"] the greater the number of enemy suits that would be hit. However, it was almost certain that Treize, [situated as he was] in the middle could not evade [the Bulge canons].

"If you're the one to fire, I am satisfied [could also be read as happy]....."

"I can't, i can't do that," Van refused. "There's no way I could!"

"Look at the big picture Van..... by losing [one man], you can save the Bulge fortress." Van was well aware that in order to break through this disadvantageous tide of war, Treize had to be sacrificed.

"You would sacrifice Supreme Commander General Catalonia, dearest Miss Dorothy, even yourself, just for my sake, yes?"

Admirable resolve, Treize..... but
This, somehow or other [will save you].....

Chilie's and Dorothy's feeling were as mixed as Van's. This, Treize's life risking proposal, spoke of his [failure] to find Zechs and Elv. Treize had given in to those two with their strong desire to be the ones to [make the final] delivery of [all twenty five] Greifs, and [he] gave them special permission to do so. In doing so, Treize [inadvertently] created the cause of this surprise attack on the Bulge and he was [now] thinking he would take responsibility [for having done that].

"Hurry up and make a decision! If this keeps up, I'll die for nothing!"

"I understand!" Tears welled up [in Van's eyes] and his voice shook as he shouted, "Bulge canons, prepare to fire! The target is the OZ Specials Commander's suit!"

That's my brother! (lit: Attaboy!)

"All Chimeras spread out! Fall back (lit: leave the front)! That's a direct order!" Treize's lone suit was surrounded by some twenty Schwarz Greif and he withdrew [further] back.

Get them, Van Khushrenada.
The future of the Earth rests upon your shoulders.

With a smile, his last thought murmured through his heart:

Take care of Mother.

For the sake of setting the angle/degree of the Bulge's main canons, the sights had been designed to be set up by controlling the propulsion burners. It was Artemis who had inferred that at once.

"Don't tell me you're going to shoot [him]? With the Bulge canon?!" It was hard to believe they would sacrifice Treize. She didn't believe the United Alliance Army had layers thick enough that they could throw away such a brilliant man

[like Treize] as though he were a pawn. Yet all the elements spread out before her eyes substantiated her prediction. "How long until the Bulge canon is charged?!" Here Artemis hesitated. She had never before doubted her intuition, but this one time was different. The challenge to a duel had also given her a jolt. There was also her being unable to fully accept that Treize, whom she had fought inside the Bulge, had appeared behind her. She had even been nicknamed the Precision Machine, [but] Artemis' clear mind was starting to warp [thanks to] Treize's [ability] to take action beyond what she could predict [#3]. It would later be criticized but it was her hesitation right then-- a huge tactics mistake-- that cast doubt upon her abilities as a commander.

The Bulge's sights were set. Van did not hesitate this time. The words of the kid with the taped-up Leo ran through the back of his mind.

You can't just run away.

Van had said he would make that his policy from then on.

"You won't his [my] brother! He will definitely dodge! Phanes [#4], Mother will surely protect him!"

"Target, lock on!"

Now, Artemis made up her mind, "All suits, fall back! The Bulge canon is coming!" The timing of this order, however, could not have been worse. The (movements of the) Schwarz Greif, which were firing away, stopped for a few seconds.

"Fire the Bulge canon!" Van pushed the launch button (lit: switch). In that moment, Lucretia's, Izumi's, Solac's suits flew to Treize's side at top speed and (left) [with him in tow] from exposure [to] the Bulge canon [er, the literal word is "exposure" or "irradiation" and "angle" or "edge" but since this is a beam weapon, I'm guessing it's just a more technical way to say "line of fire"] Twenty Schwarz Greif were destroyed in an instant, swallowed by [the canon's] almighty beam.

"Idiot....." Artemis muttered. "I really am an idiot....." All that was left [of the Schwarz Greif] was two mobile suits, including her own.

"Commander Artemis....."

The surviving aide awaited orders.

"Evacuate! Evacuate! This is a total defeat, no?!" The two Schwarz Black flew off in complete humiliation.

The three Chimeras had taken some damage from the Bulge canon but confirmed that Treize's suit was unharmed [#5]

"Good..... nothing is more important than your safety," Solac heaved a sigh of relief.

"After losing Zechs and Elv, I'd become a living corpse if we lost Professor Treize," Lucretia spoke, half crying.

"You guys have committed a serious breach of military rule..... getting away from the front line was supposed to have been a direct order from the commander," Treize's words were unusually harsh.

"I forced the other two to do it. Please only remove myself [from the ranks]," said Izumi Tarnoff. as he leaned out of his half broken suit.

"Wrong! I was 'acting on my own thoughts'!"

"I, for the sake of later soldiers, accepted Cadet Izumi's suggestion! I'm guilty of the same [crime as he is]."

"All three of you will [be retrained] from the lowest level drills at Lake Victoria! However, I express my respect for your bravery! And," Treize [then] spoke with a kind smile, "I'm sorry..... thank you." In the control room on the space fortress Bulge, Van and the Catalonias were thrilled (lit: happy from their hearts) that Treize survived.

"That was elegant, Mr. Treize..... it truly was as if you danced a waltz."

"Van Khushrenada, I don't suppose we could allow this to remain in the Alliance's history?"

"No..... by dint of that surprise attack occurring, the abilities of the strongest mobile space fortress (the Bulge) will come into question (lit: be doubted)."

"Then it's going to be---"

"Stricken from the records."

Yet perhaps---

It is thought that in Van's heart of hearts, the real reason was that he didn't want to leave a record of him trying to kill his [much] respected brother with his own hand---

"I give thanks to Phanes [see #4] and to Mother....."

Effectively, they had won but the accumulation of various chances that day caused/started a chain of events that could be described as destiny. What if that young boy had not been holding his toy Leo? If Seis Clark couldn't destroy those Greifs, would Artemis have been so jolted? If the Catalonias hadn't been there; if Treize had been late in arriving; if Izumi (and the others) had obeyed the order [to say away]..... It was a victory with an untold number of chances; in reflection, it was a victory like a chilling, break-out-in-a-sweat tightrope walk.

I can't believe how lucky we are.

I never want to feel this way again.

We must [eradicate] the colonies' will to resist us.

Van resolved strongly.

Yet [he] had stolen twenty lives in a single instant and despite being enemy [soldiers], it cast a deep, dark shadow on the thirteen year old's heart. He became even more cool (or realistic) than before.

AC-187 SUMMER

Almost one year passed---

Zechs Merquise's and Elv Honegger's whereabouts were still unknown. Odin Lowe and his son had, since [the battle of the Bulge (lit: since that day)] been roaming just the two of them. Although they were really father and son by blood, that was the only knowledge Odin did not impart upon his son. He did teach him everything [else] he knew; tactics, and the art of survival. [The boy] took after Aoi in his body's physical capabilities. His clear mind he owed to Seis' (influence). And from Odin, he inherited a particular skill.

"Who are we going to kill here?" The two of them had gone to the medical facilities on the L-1 colony cluster.

"Don't butt in like a snot-nosed kid when Dad's working [#6]."

"Dad? I don't have a father (lit: parents)."

"We're acting like father and son..... that's our agreement. [That is] if you want to eat." Odin had the boy help with the work, also. It was easier to get around with a kid than it was to go it alone.

"..... understand."

I can die anytime.

That may have been a good attitude [for that line of work], but it didn't put food in your stomach. The little boy believed he 'didn't have anything,' but he did have his 'life.' Even though his head desperately wished for death, his body demanded life. For him to keep living, other lives had to be sacrificed. There wasn't any difference between eating meat, eating vegetables, or eating lives. The longer he lived, the filthier he became. It wasn't possible for mankind to live life beautifully. [He] didn't want to hear any lofty ideas. The problem was in his heart. That kind of thinking, peculiar to terrorists, was what Odin taught his son [#7].

Siblings Treize and Van had (likewise) gone to the medical facilities. For the sake of taking their father Hundert Khushrenada's body [#8]. The cause of Hundert's death was the "colony cold." It was a new strain that didn't respond to the most recent vaccine.

"This man was, from the very beginning, a soulless shell [devoid] of a soul..... death has done nothing to [add] value [to him]," said Van coldly. "If this was retribution for his treatment of Mother, it's too late."

"Don't speak ill of the dead....."

"That you won't talk means you must feel the same way, Sir (lit: honorable older brother)." He had become "Sir" instead of "Treize." Treize didn't say anything. That change in Van's personality was his own fault, so strongly did he feel about what he'd done that day.

"Shall we see Mother?"

"There was a rebellion at a near-by colony. I thought I'd visit after taking care of that."

"As usual, [you're] being indisposed of conveniently..... how about [finally] stepping on the stage of history [for real]?"

"[The way it is now] suits me better."

Now, Treize was no longer Lake Victoria's exclusive educator. Currently, he was also called to officer training school all over, teaching young soldiers how to make use of mobile suits and operation/manipulation techniques. And when there was a coup de tat or dispute or disturbance in the area [he was in], he was roped into the front lines by military request. Throughout history, small scale rebellions have been controlled [ALT: History is largely comprised of the control of small scale rebellions.] In hindsight, Treize's fight starting from his first campaign to capture Mogadishu could probably be described as that. He executed the missions assigned to him dispassionately. He championed no particular ideal, nor did he feel any doubt in fighting. The sortie this time was no different. The Resistance had attacked a Cosmo Arma base with five Tragos. Treize drove his borrowed Leo and confronted the unit of Tragos (which were responsible for the coup de tat). It was somewhat unfortunate that they were not white [the Tragos or the Leos?]

At that time, the majority of the terrorist organizations on the colonies were (aiming) for Van Khushrenada's assassination.

They could not allow the young Romefeller leader who had set up space as [Earth's] imaginary enemy to continue as he had been. Also, Van's intolerable behavior towards the colonies had been on the rise recently and that was deserving of assassination. [Van had] completely blocked inter-colony contact ((including the transfer of personnel and supplied)), the inspection of all resources was being strengthened; it was exactly as though the United Earth Sphere and the [space] colonies had resurrected the feudal [system] relationship between crown and colony. At one time, Van had even used high-handed techniques to push reform through the upper echelons in the Alliance. Here,

also, that out and out matter was being demonstrated. The one difference was that it was the Romefeller Foundation alone which profited. [It was] the oppressive rule of a tyrant [or autocrat or despot or absolute monarch, take your pick]. Disposing of the sovereign was the first step in destroying that system.

That was the job for which Odin had been requested. Odin, however, was skeptical. Would anything change by assassinating Van Khushrenada? There was no question that the assassination of (the leader) Heero Yuy had [lead to] a big change (in time/history). ONce the gears of history were out of whack, they would not easily be righted. What history needed was a major overhaul, to be dismantled and put back together one gear at a time. In order to do that, the flow of history needed to be stopped temporarily (but).....

(One day/ lit: This day) [Odin had] received information from [a staff member (lit: a responsible party)] at the medical facilities that Van would be visiting his mother's room

"That kid, he's made enemies all over the place....." Odin said as he removed a dismantled sniper rifle from a violin case. He was [standing?] on a roof from which he commanded a view of [Angelina Khushrenada's] hospital room. The only time Romefeller Foundation's [precious leader] was alone and without his extremely tight security detail was when he visited that hospital room.

"I secured the escape route."

The son performed his role as trust worthy partner. Then, a young male nurse entered Angelina's room and Odin took note.

"That's funny....."

Angelina smiled nostalgically, "My, it has been quite a long time....."

"Yes....."

"Have you been assigned to me again?"

"No..... today, I'm just changing the flower vases." [There was] a beautiful, richly colored bouquet of flowers arranged in a large vase [in her room].

"My, they're just like the Aurora Borealis, aren't they....." The memory of the Aurora Borealis as seen in her youth remained with her. "Are they from Treize?"

"Yes..... oh, no, they're from Van."

"Van? I have no recollection [of a Van]..... who do you suppose that is?" The young nurse didn't reply and (hurried from) the room in silence.

"The nurses for Angelina Khushrenada were supposed to be all female....." Odin pondered the information from [his] informant.

"Could he have been employed by a different organization? [meaning: another assassin]" asked his now seven year old partner.

"There's been an influx in the second oldest profession."

"I'll try tailing him."

"Don't overdo it."

"I'll try."

Van appeared at the medical facilities with a large bouquet of white lilies. Pure white that recalled to mind the image of those ice floes was something Van would love to the end of his days. As would Treize. For the time being, Van was [just] waiting for his brother [to arrive]. Speaking of Treize, he was putting down some dispute or other and [Van] knew (lit: thought) he would hurry [to the hospital] once it was taken care of. But no matter how long he waited, it seemed Treize was not coming. Even when he contacted the troops, he was told [his brother was] 'in the midst of battle.'

"Oh well..... I just wish Sir Treize were here, then I could see Mother's beautiful side." He decided to visit his mother alone. "Have you been well, Mother?"

Odin waited for his chance to snipe. If Van didn't take one more step towards the window, he wouldn't hit his mark. And he found himself posing the same question to himself yet again:

If I do kill this kid, would it really change the world?

"Treize, you're here..... look at these flowers..... aren't they beautiful? Someone named Van sent them," said Angelina, looking at the flower-filled vase as she [rested against] her pillow. "You should say thank yo to him also, yes?"

"Sir Treize isn't here." Van went to replace the flowers in the vase with the ones he was holding [well, it ultimately doesn't matter much BUT it sounds as if the white lilies already there were NOT from Van]. "Besides, these flowers....."

Suddenly, there was an explosion. The window shattered; blood, bits of flesh, and flowers went flying through the room.

"Chi! Someone beat me to the punch....." As odin was putting the sniper rifle away in the violin case, he noticed his communicator was vibrating (for his attention). It ws his son.

"..... sorry, I missed." His voice wavered audibly (lit: clearly).

"I'm on the way!"

On the outside spiral stairs that lead from the room downstairs, there was a young assassin [standing? crouching?] stiff even as he held his pistol at the ready. Odin stroked his head even as he spoke, "That guy went so far as to kill (lit: bury) the mother, too..... but that probably wasn't necessary." It was exactly like looking at himself from so long ago.

"If I had just [shot him] sooner..... then the mother wouldn't have died." The boy was (just) feigning a cold voice.

"Don't worry about it," said Odin as he took the smoking gun from the little boy. "It's like this for everyone the first time..... it gets easier after the second time."

"We'll get the contingency fee, right?"

"Yeah....."

On the (downstairs) landing, the young male nurse lie dead with the top of his head blown off. That was the first man the boy had killed.

I told you to take it easy.....

I wanted to let you go (lit: throw away/abadon you) before [this happened]

God, I can't do this [lit: It's just as I feared I can't do this]

I'm sorry, Aoi.....

With those thoughts, Odin and his son escaped from the medical facility. Treize heard of Angelina's and Van's deaths after he had completed driving back and [securing the] surrender of all members of the rebel army. That battle had been won by sheer pressure of numbers and there were zero casualties. That had been his battle style ever since he had begun fighting. In fact, Treize had yet to send [even] an enemy to death.

"Is that..... true.....?"

He grieved over his brother's death more than his mother's. Treize esteemed Van's genius as the one who would usher in the next era; he even expected it. And he more than anyone else, noticed how admirably Van had continued to love that mother of theirs.

The story as told by those responsible for peace and order said that the male nurse was not part of an underground organization. He [the nurse] however couldn't stand Van's recent oppression of the colonies and that reawakened [his anger] over being punched; he approached some terrorists and they (volunteered) to take part in his revenge.

"So that's it then....." Treize felt regret. He shed tears of regret; it was all his fault. Van's intensification of colonial confinement started when he [Van] had been ordered to fire the Bulge canon. He had invited tragedy in my never getting his own hands dirty. Until then, he had never cried, no matter how painful or miserable things had been. But this time, he sobbed. Too steep was the price he paid:

Angelina Yuy
Van Khushrenada

He vowed to never forget their names. Also, he decided (in his heart) to not hesitate to get blood on his own hands.

Should doing so cause 'time' to stop, should it mean retrogression, I will accept it!

From then on until AC 193 when he was inaugurated as commander of OZT Treize utterly refused to step upon the [world/political] stage, instead operating in an education capacity. Treize also, for the eight years between [losing Van and Angelina] and losing to Chang Wufei, remembered the names of [each and every] irreplaceable person sacrificed for his sake [note: it's written such that it sounds like Treize is the one who is taking lives, and he is even if it's not done by his hand, it would be done by his order] No, it wasn't as superficial as [merely] remembering. They [the names] were carved into his heart; it was similar to sankhara [#9] practiced in Buddhism.

During this time, Treize likely lost faith in himself. While it could be surmised that it was around this time that [Treize] [began to feel] that it was better to be a failure with beautiful, self-effacing glory than to be a miserable victor with nothing but control by suppression, he did not once speak of his true intentions until the very end [of his life]. But in any case---

There's no doubting Treize's "sense of atonement" was extremely strong at this time. Ergo, it is believed that he wouldn't resort to simple suicide or allow himself to die in battle by taking recklessly rash actions. Essentially, by dint of not being Treize, Van had probably brought true peace to that crazy world. While bearing the weighty cross of atonement ever since, he (probably) prepared himself for taking the Earth and space in his hands as Angelina-- the mother he should have loved -- always said he would.

MC-0022 NEXT WINTER

I took off the virtual visor. That was the end of the Treize files. The next files were Zechs Merquise and [or? #10] Milliardo Peacecraft but before [starting those] I remembered the original poem Treize wrote in the summer of AC 187 and loaded it. The title was "Dazzling Light."

I saw a point of light from across the dark
I ran towards the light

Nothing but mere running
Running like on possessed
And I kept running
It was just like coming out of a tunnel
I burst into a world of dazzling light
It was a world brimming with contentment

Is this what I was looking for?
Something that I sought?

No, it was not
I searched not for repose
I did not ask for this heart

I looked behind me
I passed by myself
There was the dark exit of the tunnel

I was not looking for results

We needed more progress

So it is
What I sought
It was in that black darkness
There was a meaning to my continued running

So I asked myself

Why?
Why continue to run?

AC 187 Sommer TK.

The (contents) were very deep, but I wasn't in a position to state my impressions. Just then, the emergency signal (re)sounded.

"This is Doktor T..... North Pole base respond."

Hurriedly, I picked up the line. "This is the North Pole base, go ahead Doktor T." With the sandstorm on Mars, the connection was rather bad. The man that appeared on the holomonitor had peculiar long fringe that kept his slender, student-like face from showing [note: dumb dumb dumb, if you can't SEE it, how come it is DESCRIBED?]

"Tell Master Chang..... that the "Prometheus" was taken by young Miss Winner."

"That's ridiculous!" Master Chang shouted from behind me. "That's [an unbelievable] snafu even for an asshole [#11] like you."

"I'm so sorry!" A silver haired gentleman who seemed [more like a] youth with his blue eyes and charm, cut across the screen. "Of course there's no way I ever would have thought Katrine would go so far! It's all my fault (lit: bad judgement)."

"Looks like that's about right," Master Chang said coldly. The scholar with the bangs spoke in an equally cold tone, "It just means the young lady is more excellent than we are..... from here on out, don't blame this poor guy." His voice

was cold but his message was amiable. "I've just ordered 'Nanashi' to pursuit..... can I ask you to intercept?"

"That'll mean we have to kill Professor W's little sister."

"That's unfortunate, we're probably the ones at fault."

"Looks like it's time to hit the road, eh," said Duo Maxwell and he flicked his braid over his shoulder. "Let's go, sir....."
[#12]

"Where's my Snow White?" asked Heero Yuy from behind.

"With his Warlock," Father Maxwell answered for his son. As it was a state of emergency, I made to stand up so I could make the necessary preparations.

"You're on standby here....." Father Maxwell pushed me back into my chair.

"But!"

"You haven't finished watching the files, have you?" He asked with a gentle smile while giving my shoulder a couple pats.

"Next are Zechs' files, the same [ones] that were used in that Relena Peacecraft's awakening from (hibernation)....."

"Relena Peacecraft?"

"It was a lot of trouble to hack them [hack them in order to GET them]." His face showed childish pride. "The princess we knew was a little better [than the one you're familiar with]."

"But she's changed....."

"The cause is believed to be awakening her with only these files." Father Maxwell spoke with a mischievous grin. "How 'bout it? Got your curiosity piqued?" [#13]

To Be Continued.....

NOTES

of the COPIOUS variety

#1 What the latter part of this little passage is trying to say is that basically, the leaders at the cusp of the 20-21 centuries (let's call them Gen 1) refused to step down to let their kids (let's call them Gen 2) take up the reigns and apparently actively worked to suppress Gen 2 from taking power. So when Gen 2 started squeezing out kids (let's call them Gen 3), Gen 2 decided to give them all the advantages they themselves didn't have. Gen 1 then finally comes to realize that they will not live forever but through their own oppression of Gen 2, there were no suitable leaders IN Gen 2 to take over, so Gen 1 had no choice but to hand responsibility for the world over to Gen 3... right.]

#2 Right, so the *commander* committed a blunder by not being at his post, which is *not* the command room. I get that. But WHO is the freaking commander? Is it wrong to assume it would be Van or Chilie? Because Chilie handles everything swimmingly despite being locked into the *command* room. Also: if Chilie has the Bulge soldiers moving to defend the Bulge, why does it say he asks them to PREVENT themselves from infiltrating the ENEMY'S insides? Shouldn't it say the soldiers worked to prevent the enemy from penetrating the BULGE'S insides? Granted, the enemy is twenty five mobile suits, so I guess it would be weird to infiltrate just ONE mobile suit, but it sure seems to make more sense to me to either prevent the enemy from penetrating YOUR stronghold or for you to penetrate the ENEMY'S stronghold.

#3 - Artemis gets beaten by Treize because he is able to "take action beyond what she could predict." That idea of predicting outcomes and stuff comes into play (kind of significantly) in the next chapter, but with different characters.

#4 - Hey, whut? The text literally says "god of space, mother will protect him" meaning either the god of space OR mother (or, hell, anybody will do in a pinch) will protect him. So I googled god of space and turns out, according to wikipedia's sketchy info, that Phanes created the cosmos... and that's a pretty God like thing to do, yes? However, this was mentioned not on the Phanes page but the Chronos page under the Orphic cosmology section. Phanes was born from the silvery egg Chronos made.

#5 - Literally, it says Treize was unharmed, but obviously, he must have sustained SOME damage after having twenty five Greif's hauling away on him >.<

#6 - Literally, it says "parent" not "father" but Odin is a man ergo a father/dad. Since he never told Heero he was his biological father, Odin and Heero must obviously attribute any references to the other (or to themselves) as "father" or "son" as part of their cover story as, well, father and son. And it IS extremely common for people to refer to themselves by their RELATIONSHIP to their partner rather than by their NAME, especially when you have an established repertoire with that person (as in family/work situations) in Japanese (and, hey, guess what! This is written IN Japanese BY a Japanese!)

#7 - Okay, so this sound weird because it's NOT saying "having a heart is WEIRD for a terrorist" but more like "having a heart is UNIQUE TO a terrorist" as in, it's something only a terrorist would have... obviously, you can argue that a terrorist must have something of an imperfect heart because of their job. I like the word "peculiar" because it could mean BOTH of WEIRD and UNIQUE and that's the best I can do with it. Also: yes, it says "son."

#8 - JAPANESE FUNERAL RITES ARE PRETTY AWSOMELY MACABRE! Why do they pick up the body? Probably to take it back to Earth, but... When someone dies, the body must be taken back to the family's house where it will lay (kind of in state) for the night. The dead is offered tea along with the rest of the family who gathers to discuss the preparations. I THINK the spouse of the dead (or maybe the whole family?) is supposed to sleep in the same room with the body. Everyone in Japan MUST be cremated, it is a law. The family then gathers round the ashes and use chopsticks to pick out the bones that didn't get burned all the way. These bones are passed chopsticks to chopsticks and THAT'S why you never pass food to people in Japan from your chopsticks to THEIR chopsticks, but must set it down on a plate.

Customs like this (as well as socio-political issues) are interesting to read about because Japan is so different from the rest of the world. And honestly, who really thinks about FUNERAL RITES? Just use what you know. But I'm not sure how many GW fans know Japanese funeral rites (I've just heard accounts from friends/coworkers who have lost loved ones here about how it works... haven't had the chance to sift for bones myself yet).

#9 - googled this and a karma/buddhism for dummies site informs me that Sankhara is a "deep impression" and that seems to fit with how Treize was remembering the lives he took.

#10 - Oh god. Well, when we get around to Chapter FIVE and specific plot points in chapter SIX, I feel compelled to waffle between AND versus OR here. However, without reading BEYOND this chapter and knowing what we know of the original series, it should probably be OR

#11 - I was blasted for translating "kisama" as "bitch" when Heero used the word to address Katrine (in a later chapter) and I'm sure people will wonder about this "asshole" business, but I've asked three Japanese people (in addition to my own varied encounters with the word in non-gundam texts) and hands down: kisama is at the top of the list of BAD THINGS to call people. Fun fact: Japanese curiously void "taboo" words. There are (or were) seven words you COULD NOT SAY on public airwaves, as made famous by George Carlin, but in all my wild and varied experiences with Japanese, I can think of only one that isn't fit to print (or at least it gets treated to the Japan-equivalent of an asterisk ala f*ck or sh*t)

#12 - you may be saying to yourself "Why the hell would that sassy brat Duo Maxwell with the much lauded bad look to him refer to anyone as 'SIR'?" but the fact remains that in the text, he refers to Heero with a typical title used in Japanese hierarchical relationships when speaking to your superior. In other words, Duo Maxwell is (at least in this pronoun choice) being polite.

#13 - **Woah, can of worms! Barrel of monkeys! Ball of wax! Please please please keep this conversation (all in bold) in mind when you read chapters 5 and 6!!**